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A LOVELY AUTHORESS.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I longed to see thee, gifted one,
For thine, in accents warm,
Had told one of thy loveliness
Of mind and face and form;
But oh, I did not think to meet
Such charms as I have met;
My dreams of thee were very bright,
But then not brighter far.

When Flute lay, in infancy,
In mother's soft caress,
'Twas said the gentle honey-bees
Came clustering round his lips;
And thus, as on thy lips we look,
So eloquent and warm,
A thousand sweet and winged thoughts
Around them seem to swarm.

A spell is in thy dark, bright eyes
That wildest soul to bind,
Dark as the tempest-cloud, and bright
As its quick gleam of flame;
And, gazing in their earnest depths,
I see more angels there
Than fancy in a dreaming sear
Ever pictured in her air.

Young Genius has ever seemed
Around thy forehead wreathes,
And high thoughts are the atmosphere
In which thy spirit breathes.
Thy soul can read the mysteries
Of God and nature well,
And hear the voices of Eolo-spheres
Where unveiled dawns from the

For thee the soul of poetry
Its universe pervades,
It glitters in the light, and dwells
In all the forms it makes;
The young citizen mourner it, the dew
Reflects it from the flower,
The blue skies breathe it, and the air
Thrills with its mystic power.

Dream on, bright one, poem proudly on,
And sing thy lofty lays among
The names of old renown;
Fame on, proud one, and thy bright fame
Will never, never die,
But, like the ivy, keep-ever grow
As centuries pass by.

EUDORA,

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "RETRIBUTION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

She descended like cloud, in a foreign land,
Like a star from the sky, like a wave from the sea,
Lighting her face as in glory she stood,
Eye shadow and sorrow and laughter her tears!
She was cruel, and the secret of shame and glory
Lay buried deep in her distant tears;
Yet the world was her slave, and it bore her name,
With a child-like pride and a sense of fealty.
C. A. WALPOLE.

If Allworth Abbey was the most opulent and gloomy, and if the Anchorage was the most commanding and cheerful, certainly Edenlawn was the most beautiful and delightful estate in the neighborhood of Allworthcastle.

The three estates formed a right angle, of which Allworth Abbey was the eastern, Edenlawn the southern, and the Anchorage the western portion.

Edenlawn was quiet-almost, about three miles from the town.

The mansion was an elegant modern edifice of white stone, in the Grecian order of architecture, crowning the summit of a green and wooded hill that extended gradually from the banks of the lovely little lake Eden. A wide vista had been opened between the trees from the white front of the mansion down to the clear waters of the lake. This vista was laid out in terraces, with stone steps leading down the entire, from level to level, from the house to the lake. It was adorned with parterres of beautiful flowers, groves of rare shrubs, and groups of fine statues.

On each side of these ornamented grounds, and behind the house, reached the ancient woods, where the fine old forest-trees were kept well trimmed and free from undergrowth by the zeal of old Dicy Deany, the head-gardener, whose care of the place was a labor of earnest love.

And this was well, also, for all the interest taken in it by the proprietor, the Honorable Mr. Elverton, this paradise might have fallen into desolation, or been transformed to a Gehenna.

For this beautiful Edenlawn, though a comparatively new place, was a house with a very dark history.

It was some years before the time of which we now write that the Honorable Hollis Elverton, only son of Baron Elverton of Torp Castle, in Yorkshire, while staying in Paris, married the beautiful and haughty Athenie de la Compte, daughter of that celebrated General de la Compte who held so high a place in the esteem of the ex-King Louis Philippe and in the councils of the nation.

Athenie de la Compte was a tall and dark brunette, with raven-black hair and flashing black eyes, and with an imperious temper and a commanding presence.

Immediately after their marriage the young couple set out for a lengthened tour on the Continent, and came to England only at the end of twelvemonths.

After a short season spent in London, where the imperial beauty of Mrs. Elverton created an immense sensation, at the close of the summer the young husband brought his youthful wife home to his beautiful villa of Edenlawn, which had been built, furnished, and adorned by Lord Elverton expressly for the residence of his son and daughter-in-law.

A few days after their settlement at home they were joined by a select party, of invited guests, who came down from town on a visit of a few weeks.

Mrs. Elverton then issued cards for a large evening party to all the neighboring nobility

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF NEW YORK.]

and gentry. The party was a great success, and formed the commencement of many unbroken festivities.

It was in the noblest of all this gaiety that the thunderbolt fell that struck the proud Athenie to the dust and spurned a desert ever after.

On a certain evening Mr. and Mrs. Elverton, and the friends who were staying with them, had returned late from a dinner-party given at the Anchorage. The visitors had withdrawn to their several apartments for the night; but Mr. and Mrs. Elverton, as was their daily custom, remained for a few minutes behind them in the drawing-room to discuss the events of the day before retiring to rest.

While with the buoyancy of youth, love, and joy they were chatting, talking and laughing together, a footman entered the room and announced a stranger who imperatively demanded to see Mr. Elverton, and would take no denial, although Charles had explained that it was too late for his master to be disturbed.

Mr. Elverton, though the most courteous of gentlemen, could not be said to have prided on much to courtesy or to curiosity to know what this importunate stranger might be, when he ordered Charles to show the unseasonable visitor into the library, whither he himself immediately proceeded.

The stranger was a woman of majestic presence, whose tall, commanding figure was wrapped in a long black cloak; and whose unknown features were concealed beneath a thick black veil. Thus much only the servants saw of her as Charles showed her into the library, after which right cut, which he plastered to the keyhole.

And he could make out no single syllable of that mysterious interview; and the few sounds that he heard only puzzled his curiosity—and sounds were occasionally a deep, half-smothered groan from the master, and a sharp, scornful laugh from the stranger.

This secret interview lasted for about an hour, at the end of which Charles heard the footsteps coming down the room towards the door, and deemed it prudent to withdraw from his post of observation. But Mr. Charles's limbs were so stiff and numb from long kneeling, that he was no easy matter to rise, while at the same time there was imminent danger of his being discovered in the act of listening when his master should open the door.

With a last desperate effort he struggled upon his feet; and then, in the furious excuse to which we least expect him to do so, he had the satisfaction to overhear something. It was the voice of his master, saying, in a tone of anguish:

"Go! go! and may God forgive you as when we least expect him to do so, he had the satisfaction to overhear something. It was the voice of his master, saying, in a tone of anguish:

And the moment after Mr. Elverton pulled open the door, and hurried forth—closed! He crossed the hall, entered the drawing-room, and closed the door after him.

Charles stared after his master, and then looked to the right and to the left, before and behind, above and below, and everywhere else, to see whither the stranger had vanished, but in vain, for the earth seemed to have swallowed her.

Then he entered the library, and turned on the full light of the gas, and searched every nook and cranny, still in vain. Finally, he came to the conclusion that the stranger had been let out through one of the French windows that opened from the library upon the lawn.

And having settled that part of the mystery

to his satisfaction, Charles turned off the gas, shut up the library, and came back to the hall, just in time to hear a wild shriek and a cry from the drawing-room, and to see Mr. Elverton rush forth and rim up stairs.

In astonishment and terror Charles hurried into the drawing-room, where, to his further consternation, he found Mrs. Elverton extended upon the floor in a dead swoon. He hastened to summon the housekeeper and the lady's-maid, who came in great haste to the assistance of their mistress.

Mrs. Elverton was carried to her room, where every means was used to restore her to consciousness. But when she came to her senses it was only to fall into the most fearful ravings, in which was darkly shadowed forth a calamity so direful, a grief so deep, a shame so intense, as to make their hair rise from the heads of the listeners with horror.

The housekeeper ordered everyone from the room, that none should hear these awful revelations. She also sent to summon Mr. Elverton to the bedside of his wife, but the master of the house was nowhere to be found. In her dispersion she dispatched Charles for the medical attendant of the family; but it was near morning before Dr. Watkins could reach Edenlawn.

In his arrival he reported immediately to the chamber of the suffering lady, but on hearing the appalling nature of her ravings, he warned the housekeeper to permit no one but herself to approach Mrs. Elverton for fear that she should recover her senses.

Knowing that morning the illness of the lady assumed another phase, and before noon an infant daughter was prematurely delivered into his hands.

But Mr. Elverton was not there to bless his new-born; and though messengers were dispatched in all directions to seek him, yet no clue could be found to the whereabouts of the missing master of the house.

Since the birth of her child Mrs. Elverton had fallen into the most violent delirium, which at last degenerated into a settled melancholy.

Before noon of the following day Mr. Elverton was summoned to the nursery, where a nurse was engaged in the charge of it.

Meanwhile the visitors assembled at Edenlawn had learned, from the confusion of the house hold, the illness of the mistress, and the absence of his master, from some great event, some crushing calamity, some ill-understood horror, had suddenly fallen upon the family. Learning also from the physician that Mrs. Elverton was in no condition even to receive their adieus, they left the house in a body, with compliments for her, and set out for town.

The convalescence of Mrs. Elverton was very long protracted, but though, during the workings of her delirium, she had shrieked forth the names of her husband and child in connection with some unimagined horror, yet from the moment of her return to reason, she never once referred to the existence of either. Her friends wondered that she never inquired after her husband; but her physician's fiat forbade them not to force the subject upon her attention. The babe was doing well, and that was all. Mr. Elverton had not yet returned, nor had any clue been found to his disappearance.

It was a period of three months' duration before Mrs. Elverton was sufficiently recovered from her severe illness to make her appearance in the drawing-room, and, oh! how changed from the haughty and beautiful woman, who some little time before, had been brought, a lovely and happy bride, to Edenlawn!

The majestic form was indeed the same, but every vestige of color had fled from the classic face, leaving it white as the chiselled marble it resembled. The imperious brow was painfully contracted, the proud eyes were darkly veiled, the scornful lips were bitterly compressed, and the whole countenance was deeply stamped with the inefficacie marks of an incurable despair. No one who had seen her three months previous could have known her without feeling that some inscrutable chastisement had blasted her life.

She resumed her duties, but, during her illness, had sent regularly to inquire after her progress, now called to pay their compliments upon her convalescence. But Mrs. Elverton declined to receive any visitors, and commissioned the physician to make her excuses. She refused even to receive a personal call from the clergymen of the parish; and though a zealous Protestant, even in all the forms of her faith, she shunned the Christian rite of churching, and absented herself entirely from public worship. And even when months had passed, and the vacant house, whose sole half brought with her from Paris, returned to urge upon her the duty of having the infant baptized, she shuddered, and to the horror of Madame Fallon, replied:

"Baptize her? the baptismal waters, if sprinkled on her forehead, would hiss and fly off in steam, as if thrown upon red-hot iron."

Until the time Baron Elverton, summoned in haste from his official duties in London, arrived at Edenlawn on a horrid visit to his daughter-in-law. He was closeted with her for hour in the library, and at the end of the interview he—the case-hardened old judge of a thousand criminal trials—came forth alone, with his face as pale as death, and with blank horror depicted in his features as his face. When, after waiting to see his grand-daughter he ordered a carriage to take him at once to the railway station, whence he set out the same hour for London. He never came back to Edenlawn; but those who know him well said that within a fortnight after his flying visit there the hair of Baron Elverton turned white as snow.

Mrs. Elverton passed into years, and still the mystery of Edenlawn remained unsolved. No cause was heard of Mr. Elverton. No explanation was offered by Mrs. Elverton. The unhappy infant grew and blossomed into beauty; but those who knew him well said that within a fortnight after his flying visit there the hair of Baron Elverton turned white as snow.

Mr

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

be of a poetic temperament also, the longing of her heart becomes the mocosania of her mind.

Alma, with no one to converse with, no work to do, and no visits to receive or to pay, became an aspiring dreamer of beautiful dreams, impossible to be realized in the world of sternest realities, for "love, still love!" was the burden of those dreams. And even as it takes a feast to satisfy the hungry, so it would have required the whole circle of human love—father's, mother's, sister's, brother's, friend's, and lover's—to have satisfied the craving of Alma's starving heart. And she had none, not one atom of love, to feed that heart from perishing!

What do physicians mean by an atrophy of the heart? We all know what an atrophy of the stomach is—simply starvation for want of food. Is not atrophy of the heart also starvation for the lack of love? He who said "Feed my lambs," said also, "Love one another." And perhaps as many are perishing in this world for lack of love as for the want of food.

Alma's was an extreme case of this sort of starvation. And small as her experience was, she had seen, heard, and read enough to discover that her own life was very different from most other lives around her. At church, every Sunday, she saw happy families gathered under the gubber in their family pews. After the service, in the churchyard, she saw friends and neighbors greeting each other with affectionate warmth. She knew that, as the grand-daughter of the celebrated Doctor Elverton, and as the intimate apparent of his tittle and sisters, she was entitled to fully as much attention as any other young lady in the county. Why did she not receive it?

From casual words and chance allusions, rather than from any definite statement or voluntary communication from the servants, Alma had guessed as much of the domestic history as was known to the servants themselves. And she guessed, moreover, that the mystery upon the subject of the mystery that enveloped her family.

Her father! What was it that, on the night before her birth, had driven him in open rage and horror from his home forever?

Her mother! What was it that, from the hour of Alma's birth, had frozen that beautiful and ardent woman into the cold, hard statue that she now seemed?

Herself! What was it that set her apart, lonely and unloved, from all the world around her?

Alma could have loved her mother, and been happy in her mother's love, in spite of the repellant atmosphere that surrounded the lady chilled and repulsed those about her.

But Alma loved her unknown father with a long yearning like love of Heaven, with a mystery that hung over his sudden flight, his long exile, and his unknown fate, with a kind of strengthen, deepen, and intensify this love.

Against the library was a small secretary that had once belonged to her father, but which her mother never known to open. Alma knew that a full length portrait of her father, painted in London soon after his marriage. It represented a man in the prime of his youth, of a tall and finely-proportioned form, Grecian features, dark complexion, blue-dress blue eyes, and golden brown hair—a man of whom Alma seemed a small feminine copy.

Into this study Alma removed her work-table, her easel, portfolio, and books, and here, seated in front of the beloved portrait, Alma liked best to employ her mornings in needle work, in drawing, reading, or dreaming of her unknown father. Her afternoons were passed in wandering by the margin of Sir Elton's water before the villa, or in threading through the old woods behind the mansion, and ever dreaming of her unknown father, and yearning for his presence and his love.

Alma was very punctual in her attendance upon public worship, not only from religious principle—although that of itself would have been a sufficient motive to her—but also from the absolute necessity of at least looking upon the human beings with whom she could hold no other intercourse.

After the departure of her governess, she alone occupied the great family pew of the Elverstons, until Lady Leaton, then a young and comely widowed, felt compassion for the lonely girl, and seeking herself of the privilege granted by a slight acquaintance with the Honorable Mrs. Elverton, invited Alma to join her in the family. There seemed to be no possible objection to this plan, and the orphan girl was but too glad to accept the kind invitation and sit with a party of young creatures of her own age and rank. This party consisted now of Agatha and Eudora Leaton, and Lord Arthur Lennox Montrose.

Alma inferred her mother of this courtesy on the part of Lady Leaton.

Mrs. Elverton made no absolute objection, but gravely shook her head, and said:

"I can almost consent to Agnes's train war with destiny; yet, girl, I would warn you against one error that to you would be fatal! There are two young gentlemen on a visit to this family; it is their intentions that I would have them as you would often correct your conduct. Beware of the Messrs. Montrose! Beware of all such! For, Alma, love and happiness are not for you!"

Alma grew pale as death at the awful words and manner of her mother, for she felt that the fatal moment of her life was coming quickly on.

Alma had been introduced to every member of Lady Leaton's party, and among the rest to Captain Norlaun Montrose, who was at once deeply impressed by the fresh and blooming beauty of the fair young girl, and strongly attracted by the splendid appearance of the handsome young hussar.

And Alma, with all her lonely heart and soul yearning and aching for companionship and sympathy, became too easily fascinated by the love-tuned voice and love-tempered gaze of the handsome young hussar.

A few weeks, therefore, irretrievably decided the destiny of Alma—she loved, and loved for ever!

To have gained the passionate love of a creature so good and beautiful, with a heart as full and pure, as a telegraph such as had never before fallen to the lot of the fascinating young officer. And what at first had been to him a pursuit half of amusement, half of vanity, became at length a mad passion, an infatuation, a delirium. It could scarcely be said at first that out of Alma's presence. The world to him soon came to be divided into two great regions—that she was, and where she was not; and time into two eras—when she was present, and when she was absent. He now her only as church on Sundays, and she day after day in the grounds between were to him "spaces between stars."

To boldly ask the hand of the heiress of her grandfather and her mother, was nothing less than madness on the part of a young officer with only his pay. And yet, instigated as much by his overweening pride as by his hoodlum passion, Captain Montrose wrote to Lord Elverton and to Mrs. Elverton, asking their permission to pay his addresses to Miss Elverton at Elverton. From Lord Elverton he received a courteous but decided refusal—from Mrs. Elverton a sharp and peremptory denial.

And after this poor Alma's only social solace was taken away from her, and she was forbidden to go to church.

This prohibition, as might have been expected, did more harm than good; for whereas, before it was issued, the young lovers met only once a week at church in the presence of others, they now met almost every day, either in the woods behind Elmview. These meetings consequently were by stealth, and therefore by accident. Alma, at his born already said, was in the daily habit of walking by the margin of the lake below Edenlawn, or in the woods behind the house.

Norlaun, missing her from her seat at church, and forbidden to call upon her at her mother's house, took means for her society as she dying for life, walked to Edenlawn, and rambled through the woods, and by the lake, hoping that they could meet his idol. In these rambles he was frequently met by the aged lady, who, ever present at these meetings for any indiscretion on the part of the young parties.

Norlaun did indeed use all the eloquence of passion to persuade Alma to fly with him to Scotland. But dreary as was the home-life of the unhappy girl, she was as far from to her filial duty as to resist all his persuasions.

"No, no, Norlaun," she would answer; "my heart reproaches me bitterly enough for walking with you thus, and I should not do so, but that only I feel that if I did not see you sometimes I should go mad with loneliness. No, Norlaun, I will not further wrong my mother. Wait until I am of age, and have the right to dispose of my hand; then, perhaps, I will give it to you."

And so arguments, entreaties, or prayers on the part of her lover availed nothing against the conscientious resolution of Alma. And Alma made no secret of her love of Norlaun Montrose, and he was ordered to join his regiment, which was quartered in Scotland. Then took all vestiges of this fortuitous combination of circumstances to separate the lovers, Alma from the consideration of the deep pain of separation, and the feeling of duty and propriety, and the fidelity of his service, the remainder true to her determination of duty, and had the firmness to bid him adieu and to see him depart.

The young creature surrounded by sisters, brothers, and cousins, relatives, friends, and neighbors, the self-denial of this lonely girl will scarcely be appreciated.

From the time of her lover's departure for Scotland she was the victim of him and his love, as of the double funeral at Allworth Abbey.

We have already said that in the early days of the times of their affliction that the Honorable Mrs. Elverton closed her doors against Alma. This decision as she was, she had ordered her mourning, which, with all the other members of the family, she attended the funeral solemnities at Allworth Abbey.

In the course of that day Alma had exchanged a glance and a word with Norlaun. And in the next afternoon, rather rather than understand, she let her out in the woods behind the house and Edenlawn.

It was a lovely summer's afternoon, and the low, descending sun was striking his level beams through the trees, illuminating with a forest-trance, edging each leaf and twig with a pure golden flame.

Alma wandered on, in that mental struggle between love and duty, which, in a sensitive conscience and necessity, that occupies one half our inner lives.

She was happy in the hope of seeing Norlaun, and miserable in the fear of doing wrong. This is a hard state of mind.

While she walked on in the dusk-arcana, the tilled sun sank behind the horizon, and twilight the fallen leaves and twigs break beneath a firm footstep behind her.

Her breath stopped, her heart fluttered, her cheeks crimsoned, and she was for some moments up of the footsteps, but she did not turn her head.

"I have the honor of speaking to Miss Elverton, I presume?"

The voice of the speaker was deep, rich, and inexpressibly sweet.

Alma started, turned round, and dropped her eyes, while a deeply blush mantled her face.

The speaker was a tall, finely-formed, fine complexioned, and very handsome man, of about thirty years of age.

While addressing Alma he held his hat entirely in his hand, and with his eyes fixed gravely that the girl had never seen equalled.

Alma was overwhelmed with a new terrible at the unexpected apparition of a stranger in that lonely place and at such an hour. And apart from these natural emotions, there was something in the voice and in the manner that was with a feeling which was neither empire nor terror, but something between and partaking of both.

"I have the honor of addressing Miss Elverton, I presume?" repeated the stranger, with the same gravity and courtesy of tone and manner.

"Yes, sir," trembled the girl, with her head the trembling quickly.

"Miss Elverton, does your mother still live?" inquired the deep voice of the stranger.

"My mother is dead, sir," answered Alma suffocated her. Her breath came quickly and gasping. She felt that she must sink down for support, and leaned her hand against the rough bark of a tree, while she continued to look at the stranger.

Yes, there was the same noble head, with its bright locks of golden brown waving around the lofty brow, the same full, dark, clear blue eyes with the falcon glance; the same Grecian features, regular, perfect, and of the same cast, the same face, only a little older, that daily looked down upon her from the portrait in her study. As Alma realized this truth, she felt as though her heart would burst, and come, and she was dying in a dream.

"Miss Elverton, my mother still lives!" repeated the stranger.

"My mother still lives, if breathing means living," answered Alma, in an expiring voice, and trembling in every limb.

The eye of the stranger were fixed upon her—were reading her very soul. At length he said:

"Girl, your eyes never behold me before, and yet—does your mother know of my existence?"

"My father—"

"Hush—that is the word of that sort—"

"Oh, my father—"

"Hush, my child like this, I say!" repeated Hollis Elverton, in a sepulchral voice.

Alma trembled, and sank down upon the turf, a loud, and surely flowing with excessive agitation, and deeply moved by the scene.

She either did not hear or did not understand his strange words.

Extending her arms towards him with a look of imploring affection, and in a voice of thrilling pathos, she cried:

"Father! oh, father! will you not embrace your child?"

The tall figure of the man shook as a tree shaken by the wind, but he averted his face, and threw his hand towards her with a repelling gesture.

She dropped her arms with a look of shame, horror and wonder, surprised.

"Never since I lived have I been pressed to my mother's bosom, or received a mother's kiss, or known a mother's love. And the father for whose presence my heart has longed through all the years of my lonely youth—the father whom my love has followed through all the days of my life—the father—is the first moment of our meeting, repulses his child and bans away! Oh, father!" she exclaimed, in passionate earnestness, "what have I done that both my parents should hate me?"

"You have done nothing wrong, nor do we hate you, poor girl!" replied Elverton, in an agitated voice.

"*What are I*, then, that those who gave me birth should turn away from me? Am I not dear from a monster accursed?"

"Girl, you have put two evil questionings! There are mysteries in this world that may never be revealed until this last day shall come down, when all that is hidden shall be made clear!"

After this there was silence between them for a few minutes, during which they gazed upon each other's faces with mournful, questioning lament. Then Hollis Elverton, in a gentle voice, inquired:

"Girl, what name have they given you, child?"

"My mother called me by no name, but the servants called me Alma, sir!"

"Then you did not receive the rites of Christian baptism?"

"Not in infancy—not until I was old enough to act for myself in that respect; then I professed myself a child of the Church and was at once time the sacraments of baptism and confirmation."

"And your mother?"

"Never made objection, but gave me no encouragement. She was not united in the matter; she left me entirely to myself."

Hollis Elverton groaned, but made no reply. He seemed to be struggling with some terrible emotion which he could with the same painful interest. At length, after a long pause, he said, in a tearful voice:

"Alma, I would you not accompany me to the house, and see my mother?"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Alma Elverton, while a spasm of unutterable anguish convulsed his face and voice.

"Alas, sir, if not to see her, what motive has brought you back to England?"

"Alma, in answer to your question, your new connection—the love of one I love, the hate of one I hate—I have risen in my exile to the dignities of their affliction that the Honorable Mrs. Elverton closed her doors against Alma. And since as she was, she had ordered her mourning, which, with all the other members of the family, she attended the funeral solemnities at Allworth Abbey.

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"Hush—that is the word of that sort—"

"Oh, my father—"

"Hush, my child like this, I say!" repeated Hollis Elverton, in a sepulchral voice.

Alma trembled, and sank down upon the turf, a loud, and surely flowing with excessive agitation, and deeply moved by the scene.

She either did not hear or did not understand his strange words.

Extending her arms towards him with a look of imploring affection, and in a voice of thrilling pathos, she cried:

"Father! oh, father! will you not embrace your child?"

The tall figure of the man shook as a tree shaken by the wind, but he averted his face, and threw his hand towards her with a repelling gesture.

She dropped her arms with a look of shame, horror and wonder, surprised.

"Never since I lived have I been pressed to my mother's bosom, or received a mother's

THE CONFIDANTE.

My mirror showed me a not unpleasing face, whose slender coat was framed in long, smooth, tempting tresses of darkest, glossiest brown. There were ripe, red lips which parted in frequent smiles, and disclosed small, pearly teeth. Many everybody said were beautiful. My nose was neither a pug nor adorned by that ugly thing commonly termed a Roman nose—under the name of Roman, but it was, at least, a tolerably pretty nose. I had heard my first name "spell" and "Ruth" on occasion, but which was decidedly arch in expression, as I like the long curled lashes which were, after all, the most striking feature.

"There is nothing particularly repulsive—no thing startling, or surprising about my face," I said after mentally summing up the catalogue of my good looks. "I wish I were!" I added, as I think of two or three girls to whom, if it were possible, I should like to impart some of my selfless genius, for my own benefit and theirs, but to be a little robust and human in form is not the greatest misfortune in the world. I have no doubt that Ned Myers meant to compliment me when he called me "a nice little creature to rely-pole," though I was more vexed than pleased at the familiarity on. However, I am not going to drink vinegar nor starve myself for the purpose of reducing my "fair proportions," and if people can't love me as I am, I mean'n't do without them, that's all. I am not a vegetarian as well—ledgin! Pshaw! I won't curse, even mentally, to-day.

And after this second sigh, more prolonged, more emphatic and intense than the first, I sat into a gloomy reverie, too confused to be analyzed, even by myself, but not pleasing, as the silly lengthening proportions of my face, and the unbecoming expression testified.

I was not an ill-looking girl, that point was settled, and despite my poverty and meanness, my rather too plump figure. I was merry, and on occasion, I could be sweet and even serious and sad, with such fine crocs as Hide Hollis, and had no idea of being sentimentally miserable on a rainy Sunday. Still I had solitary sympathies, and could weep for others' sorrows as well as enter with sincere zest into their joys.

I suppose I was then simply a kind, loving, joyous, common-place girl.

Because I had plenty of friends, and was the confidante of all the joys and troubles of my acquaintances—companions. Especially was this the case as regarded all love matters. I was "Dear Ruth" to half a dozen fast young girls, almost any that I had been cognizant of the "affairs," downfall or consummation of every love affair in the neighborhood, including my married sisters, and the entire correspondence of sundry middle-aged widowers and bachelors, and their "affairs" of the sanguine sort.

And yet with all my sympathy, with all the time I had devoted to my observation, and to loving as my heart was, though objective, I had never had a love affair of my own, never been sought, or had the precious maternity privilege of nursing the somnolence "Ro." "Ro-sy-Ro-sa-Ro-sa-mond," and usually coming to the rescue—that was the burden of my song, and so it was. Not one of my own love affairs, love or steady assuming marital responsibilities, I had ever had the honor of singing this "Ro" to mind's cony.

Only this morning Milly Travis had come, all blushes and smiles, to ask me to be her bridesmaid, having promised to give herself "for better for worse" to Elon Ward, in just four weeks.

Elon Ward had been my "beau," all the previous winter, attending me to sing-schools, and prays-meetings, taking me to all the parties, and having been generally very attentive and kind to the solicitation of the villagers, if not to my heart.

But he had never said one word of love, and I knew that he was going to marry Milly Travis, and I was to be bridesmaid! I should have the privilege of purchasing a dress to wear at his wedding, but not a thought of giving a party in his and Milly's honour. "It is hard," I soliloquized.

I was going to indulge in a few feminine tears of self-pity, when I heard the sound of—it—turned the toilet mirror so that I could see the reflection of my face, and a bright color to the mantel conclusion partly recorded above, and sweet expression of my countenance, and if nobody loved me yet, it was not because I was not lovable.

I was in pretty good spirits the following day when Milly Travis came to spend the morning town for the purpose of purchasing the dress that was to be Milly's wedding. And in this state of mind I continued through all that day and the succeeding one.

Nothing troubled me but the half-concealed curiosity and pity of my neighbors. That was hard to endure, and as hard as it would have been if I had loved Elon Ward; or had been sure that my regards in my own breast, I never had cared for him, except as a pleasant companion, and that I was glad that he was going to give him up. I felt a little contempt for him, however, in his unmanly concealment of the knowledge that his attentions to me had been only a matter of policy tending to Milly Travis, for some fancied slight, and that as soon as the coast was clear I had gathered in various ways

PRE-EXISTENCE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

How beautiful was that vision given
To Jacob's dream, when his spirit stood
Deep in the gardens of spirit land,
Long ages ere it took a mortal form,
And walked the Earth! Remembrance flashed up,
Like lightnings through thick clouds, of wanderings
through
Of glorious scenes, of all we fondly dream
Fit for the vision and eyes of gods like these
The shadowy mansions of Eternity.
And then the great Hope flew, sublimely soaring
The Immortal was his heritage; the gift
Of God Himself. He felt it in his soul and saw all
Were centered in The express and the heart's warm love
Was not much then lightest clouds the moon
Rolls through, with quenchless ease, that Hope takes
Her empire of starred Heaven—O how the floor
Made heritage of Ether and Eternity
In that Athenian grove!—"The gods! the gods!"
He murmured low, but deep as Isis's veil,
"My comrades are! Eternity—my life!"

THE VIPER WARMED;

OR,

THE GAME OF HEARTS AND DOLLARS.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

James Hayward, a wealthy merchant of a Southern city, in the very prime of his years, was suddenly prostrated by a violent and painful disease. For many days his sufferings were so great that he but thought only for them. But his iron nature was at length overcome by pain, and if you promise what I ask, I can yield myself unhesitatingly to my fate."

The doctor bowed his head. Tears, choked by his surmounted by a moment, and then he said:

"I will accept your trust, James, and may God receive into accordingly to the mercies he chose when you confide to me."

The sick man's flushed head closed over his friend's. Glance sought glance—they read each his other's soul, and were satisfied.

Edgar and Adela Hayward become inmates of Dr. Brown's family, which consisted of himself, his wife, and only daughter, Anna, who was exactly the same age of her father's ward. For many years this was the home of Adela, while Edgar pursued his studies at various institutions, and finally graduated with honor at a northern college, after which, instead of going to adopt the profession of his guardian, he applied himself to the study of medicine.

Adela returned from school at seventeen, and she and Anna, admitted now to all the privileges of young ladyhood, took their places in the doctor's household. Adela was rejoiced to find her brother also an inmate of the same house. For some years they had not met except during vacations, when Edgar, and sometimes Adela also, were like guests in their home.

Edgar Hayward was now twenty-five years of age. The promise of his youth had been fulfilled in a noble manhood. Already he stood high in his profession, but he preferred accepting Dr. Brown's offer of a place in partnership with him, to the wider fields of professional labor that opened to him.

A few months passed, and then the doctor, while on the discharge of his professional duties, as a period when a fearful epidemic was raging in the city, was suddenly stricken down by a violent attack of the fever. For several hours only passed, and he was dead; a few more, and the remains were borne from the house in which his death brought the first sorrow.

Dr. Hayward, upon whom fell many responsibilities in this season of emergencies, would let have prevailed his friends to seek a refuge in the country until the fury of the pestilence was past, but Adela would not leave her brother, and Mrs. Elwood and Anna were unwilling that such should occur time from those who chose to incur while danger surrounded them. With one fidelity to each other, they resolved to live or to die together.

It was a solemn season. A silence like a pall brooded over the doomed city, and in the shadow and in the sunlight the unseen pestilence walked upon its devastating course. In most houses were the sickness, the dying, or the dead. Many had fled from their homes and had left their tenements vacant, lying down themselves to the cold and unsympathizing. Many persons wandered the streets, and feeling the bond of silence upon them, lay down in the alleys and upon the stony pavements, that were not horrible even then—that were, in their time, to sights of human suffering.

But there were some bright spots, for the great credit of humanity there are always, where calamities warn as darkest hours. Many rose up the suffering and bore them to their homes, and, although strangers, watched and tended them in full and lovingly recognition of the golden creed of human brotherhood. Such were the Elwoods and Haywards.

Edgar going his rounds among the stricken, ever vigilant in suffering enough to awaken all his sympathies, and with full confidence in his friends, he brought home with him patients as particularly needed the care they could not otherwise receive.

One of these whom he found ill upon the steps of a hotel, from which he had been suddenly thrust on the first discovery of his symptoms, a young gentleman, whose elegant dress and choice speech showed refinement of taste and breeding, was among the earlier purchasers of this most beneficent hospitality. He recovered, but his convalescence was slow and painful. All Dr. Hayward's home patients had slipped from his kindly hands into the grave, and held them back into the cold obscurities of the years, or, well again, had left the blessed shelter and true friends that had saved them, and no great time or several ways, long are he could renew his chamber, or begin to exult in the certainty of coming strength.

Long ere this Sydney Crampton had become not only the patient but the friend of Dr. Hayward, while to the ladies he was no longer the stranger whom they nursed from charity, but a familiar inmate whom they could not think of losing without regret. To one he was even more than that, for Anna Elwood had learned to love him.

It was a strange game of cross-purposes that Cupid played in that old house, where by yet in the shadow of the pavement grief shut her visitation, as well as of the universal desolation which the pestilence had wrought. Sydney Crampton, beloved by Anna Elwood, had fixed his regards upon Adela Hayward. He he really loved as well as a nature entirely superficial could love, though it is no doubt true that his desires were almost as strongly set upon the fortune as upon if he could win her, would release him from debt and enable him to free himself from that, burdened by heavy mortgages, was about to be sacrificed.

Scarcely had he recovered sufficiently to be able to travel, than he received an urged summons to New York, near which city lay his estate, and in which he had run that brief career of dissipation and vice which had made him a fit subject for the pestilence. He had intended to secure Adela's betrothal, if possible, ere he went, but going so hurriedly, the opportunity was lost of offering himself to her acceptance. Anna, not suspecting what was in his heart, and cherishing tender sentiments of a few expressions of gratitude, too general to have borne much significance to any ear but her own, saw him depart with regret that was only slightly assuaged by his promises of a speedy return.

He did not return at once. Perhaps he found his affairs too much entangled to take up his cherished himself at once from the meshes his vices had woven. Perhaps the fascinations and temptations that surrounded him were enjoyed with too great a zest, after his long seclusion in the sick-room of sickness and the shadow of death, for him to find strength to break away from them. He was more than a month in New York, sent three months, and during that time two events of no little importance occurred at the house he had left.

One was that loved Adela Hayward long, made his declaration and was accepted, to her own consent and the approval of Mrs. Elwood. And Dr. Hayward, to whom Anna Elwood had been dear as his own child, to whom she had spoken at last, and laid his rich, true heart at her feet, only to receive the response of a sister tenderly, but with the proffer of a sister's affection instead of a wife's love. He was pained, seemed almost a mockery, but he submitted in silence, for he saw that the happiness of the two which bound the remnants of two families in such pleasant concord. Mrs. Elwood was entirely in ignorance of what had occurred as did Adela, until gratified in a letter from Sydney announcing the families where he was beloved as a son.

Three months stood when Sydney Crampton returned to the city. He was in possession of a promising hire hard; he had left his mother and sister in luxurious ease in the country at their rural home. He had only escaped arrest by pleading his late severe sickness engaged in a debtor, and so got leave to go out of sight of guns and constables for a little time. He was very desperate, and though he felt a strange tang in his veins when he looked on the face of Adela had escaped him, he found no great difficulty in turning it to account. He was not to turn too plainly betrayed the state of her affections.

But Sydney Crampton was ill at ease. He loved Adela more than ever, and yet, in the end less, for a strange disgust would steal over him at the remembrance of her unconscious simplicity. He intended to marry her, of course, and to use her fortune to the relief from debt, but he was no part of his plan to treat her unkindly. In fact, he seemed to himself that he might have loved her, that is in the way such natures as his, but Dr. Adela.

In the meantime all was working well for the success of his plans; in which he would soon have been completely successful, but for the unexpected occurrence which tempted him to an act that, although it was entirely unpremeditated, seemed to unmask his treachery, though his victim was less than ever inclined to suspect it.

Adela and her lover, as lovers foolishly will sometimes do, were wandering together in the park, and as they were sauntering sullen, and for there to four days he did possess himself of the courage to tell her of his love, Sydney Crampton, exhibiting his friend by omitting his usual visits. Sydney Crampton understood the cause of their sorrow. But Adela grief tempted him beyond the bounds of prudence. Interrupted in the midst of a passionate declaration, which he had enjoyed him, he rushed away to his room, the flood of unbridled still yearning, and sought a letter to Adela containing a declaration of love, and in which he implored her to receive no more any affection for Anna, whom he averred he sought in his sentimental and romantic way to fasten her heartwood.

He had received a variety of emotions in Adela's mind, but possessions over all was indignation for his treachery. Sydney was the trothed of another, and for the wrong done her friend she could not forgive him. Her self-respect, too, have informed her at once of this treachery. As it was not possible for her to remain in the establishment she could not but feel, remembering Sydney's letter, that her presence only smiled scornfully, as if the whole were a petty practical joke.

Dr. Hayward asserted that he had seen and read the letter, that it bore Sydney Crampton's signature, but was written in an irregular and almost illegible hand, as if hurriedly penned and demanded proof.

There the matter rested. Anna's heart turned toward her lover, but her mother, more prudent, demanded that the engagement should be suspended, and the marriage postponed. Sydney Crampton departed hurriedly for his northern home, his going unexplained, perhaps, by the impression that Dr. Hayward only waited an opportunity to call him to account for treachery to the friend of his sister.

All was dark, suspense, and trouble. A violent coldness grew up between the Elwoods and the Haywards. Dr. Hayward, Edgar, and Anna and her mother in Adela wavered, and, like Cleopatra, Sent Messenger and Mrs. Elwood being swayed by her daughter. Dr. Hayward was unwilling to lose the long-loved home of their infancy, and here another trial met the sorrowful Adela. Her lover, hearing of the public sanctions of Sydney Crampton, that the story of the letter was an invention of Miss Hayward's also asked for some proof of the truth of this tale, and added that unless she could furnish it their engagement must be considered at an end, as he could not ally himself to a lady upon whom even the suspicion of a dishonorable act rested.

Even her brother's love could hardly sustain Adela under those accumulated trials. She had great pride, however, and she replied to her lover that if his faith in her did not find her word sufficient, it was indeed time that they should part, and she gave him back his troth.

Saddened and estranged, gloom rested upon both those once united families. Each was but as her separate grief and wrong to inmost. But each was too proud to relent, and they might, perhaps, have gone on for life in anger and mutual wrong-doing, for the death of the treacherous Sydney Crampton died suddenly. His sister broke the tidings tenderly to Anna, and while she did not condemn his conduct, spoke of his darkened chamber, a second letter arrived that worked her cure. A communication found among his papers a sealed letter addressed to Miss Hayward, and forwarded it according to the direction. For what purpose is that does not pretend to know, but the contents of the letter, a second at length its true work of reinstating Adela in the regard of her friends, for the explanation of many points in the circumstance that had worked so much mischief.

There is little more to tell. Adela was speedily reinstated in the love of those to whom she had been dearer than a sister's most cherished things. Anna's heart was caught in the rebound, and the girl lay scarcely more than a year, her life not see in vain. But Adela's lover was less fortunate. It was long ere she could forgive the wrong he had done her, and she felt that she never could love him as she had done before she once done. When Anna married she took her place with Mrs. Elwood, and remained until until that good lady died, some years later, when, by the terms of her marriage settlement, she stowed her hand on core every way worthy of her. Then, with the old ones—revered him of the days gone that might beset his path; and then some life of

"My boy was lost! He was like the familiar, ing toast that has reached the cooling spring; he was like a young rose that has been torn from its stalk. When he found himself thus master of his own destiny, he didn't know what to do with it. When he found himself surrounded by the luxuries of wealth, and the riches of the outer world, he knew not how to govern himself. His principles were broken. The man I had built up was quickly overthrown; and, as the fabric fell, I was left to stand on the dark, ravaged over with destroying fury. At the end of a year my boy was in his grave, and as I glazed upon his marble brow, after they had put the finishing touch into the grave, I covered with the acknowledgement that I had done the work. I looked back and remembered how I had shut up almost every avenue of innocent amusement in him—how I had repressed and dwarfed his growth of healthy animal spirits, and how I had forced upon him such deeds of moral and spiritual pabulum that his soul had sickened and died within him for want of food. As I remember him in his early boyhood—when his step was free, and his eye beaming brightly—I see that he was not that a fond pride made him. He was treacherous; bold and generous; and I sought to shut up the flow of innocent amusement, I sent the current coiling its way underground, and undermining my house. Education upon which his life was to be raised, and another era been also, I should have produced a different course; but he was my only boy, and the lesson I learned was for the sake of the good of others. I hope you see what I mean, for I have no heart to explain it."

When Deacon Tibbetts left the vestry his gentlemen went homeward into a new direction, and he walked slowly homeward pondering upon what he had learned. He came to the point where the roads branched off, and where stood a little shoe-shop. He heard voices issuing from the shop, and upon looking more closely saw that one there was a light William. He drew nearer, and he found that the voices were those of the two boys. He found a crevice in the window-frame, and upon peeping in he saw that the boys there, with other boys, engaged in playing cards. His fingers were in their hair, and upon them, and lead them house by the ears; but the true thoughtful cause to be upon him, and he turned silently away; and when he reached his home, he sat down and wrote a letter to Jack. It was a struggle—a severe conflict between the old Adam and the new—but the spirit of the new finally conquered. In the morning he called his boys into a private room, told them what he had seen, and how their eyes sought to be themselves, he knew that they feared him, and that he had not their confidence. It was plain to be seen that, under their present feelings, they could be in strict themselves.

"My children," he said, speaking as kindly as possible, "I am not angry with you. Neither is your son, in the little shop; and I saw what you were doing."

The boys turned pale as death, and their knees began to tremble.

"I will not now say anything about the game you which you were engaged. There is a something of more importance than that. You disobeyed your father. That's what made me the most sorrow."

The boys hung their heads, but did not speak. They were moving themselves up for a whipping, and were prepared for it. Deacon Tibbetts saw the coinciding of their fear, and in the gathering of their guilt.

"My children," he went on, "I am going to tell you something that may surprise you. It is not for you

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF

STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

Under the above title, we shall commence the publication of a new story by Colonel Ned Buntline, in the next number of the LEDGER. "The Hunted Life" is one of the most singular as well as one of the most intensely interesting stories that we have ever read. It is a succession of adventure with which it abounds are tempered by a vein of love and romance running through it, such as none but a writer of genius could have conceived and wrought, and which gives the whole narrative an air and tone of romantic interest that is perfectly irresistible.

CIVIL INTERFERENCE.

If Alexander's ghost had been forestalled by lightning interference, and his career prematurely extinguished by newspapers, it is pretty certain that the likely wig-necked Jews would not have long enquered the world. The multitudinous kings of Asia, thoroughly posted in Greek, would not be a number of his forces, his line of march, the sides, and ends of any, and he intended to strike, would have laid their royal heads together, and, by a combined movement, have given him the slip, and plenished the coup de grace. But the distinguished Macedonian had everything his own way. Maps of his routes and plans of his campaigns were not distributed among newspaper editors by the timorous, civilians did not dictate to him in telegraphic couriers, the politicians of Macedon had no share. His foes knew nothing of his whereabouts or his intentions until they saw him and felt him, and then, unstrung and unintrenched, he went on conquering and to conquer, until, having no more work to do, he decently his last, rolled around, and slept the sleep of death in Upper Egypt.

Had he been in Washington instead of Macedon, and Brad in an age of telegraphs, daily newspapers, daily papers, associated editors, and political correspondents, he would have been overwhelmed—he—chief of a great republican army, in the enlightened Nineteenth Century, the probability is that our antique and illustrious friend Alec. would have cut a much poorer figure than any one of our generals have done. If the latter, like the world-conqueror, had been overwhelmed by politicians, the war in which we are now engaged might by this time perhaps not have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion.

Modern improvements have their drawbacks. Newspapers are in the highest degree useful when discreetly managed, and in such cases are invaluable in judicious hands; but a bubbling, effervescing press, and a misguided telegraph system, may do infinite mischief to a great nation, especially in time of war. They may be so used as to be of more advantage to an enemy than all his spies. That the evil is done with the best intentions does not justify its commission; but it ought to know that Tophet is paved with such commendation, and be careful not to furnish material from which Satan can derive benefit.

THE EYES OF KNOWLEDGE.

Those who know little see little. To the man of no cultivated mind, this paper is a blank. It is not in proportion as our stock of information increases that sphere of our mental vision is enlarged. Knowledge furnishes eyes to our understanding, and endows them with additional precision and magnitude power. To the ignorant man the stars are mere points of light, and the more ornamental he thinks, perhaps, than his fellow-beings, but not half so useful as a guide to his footsteps through the night. To the astronomer they are worlds and congeries of worlds, moving through space in obedience to immutable laws, fulfilling in their shining march great purposes in which even his educated intellect can only guess, and, seeing them with the eyes of science, he wonders and adores. Between these two orders, every branch of natural philosophy gives us a degree of new insight into the mysteries in which we are surrounded. We cannot even understand our own mechanism without the aid of physical science. It has been said that the more men know, the more profound and general their knowledge—the more they are disposed to skepticism in religious matters. The reason is false. Men of the deepest research are usually the most humble in revelation. There are and have been undevout philosophers, but the far strongest are such as unite science with the rule. The greatest lights of modern learning and science have been sincere Christians. See how research confirms Scripture history. Layard, the great archæologist, has found and recorded upon disinterred monuments of ancient Egypt the very facts in regard to the wars of Judea, chronicled in the Bible. On the crumbling fragments of the walls of Nineveh he discovered the name of the prophet Jonah, and has rendered into English from the characters on the tombs and monuments of that ancient city memorials of their victories and defeats and progresses, which fully correspond with the statements of Holy Writ. But for the wonderful eyes supplied by scientific research, mere physical confirmations of the truth of divine history would never have been obtained.

PROGRESS IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

"Hardly a day passes," wrote a distinguished philanthropist, as he drew near the close of life, "without spreading and strengthening my sympathies with the man of men, the poor and the forsaken." We have in this an example of progress in the right direction. Men are apt to grow selfish and unsympathizing as they grow old.

The young man sets out on life's journey with generous and flowing sympathies. He has but little regard for the fruitless distinctions which exist among men. He is interested in men as men. His sympathies naturally flow towards the poor and the forsaken. He puts forth effort, and makes sacrifice for their benefit. These efforts may not be successful. The fellow may be owing to the stupidity or perverseness of those for whom they were made. Those sacrifices may not be appreciated.

The effect may be to chill these sympathies, and to discourage benevolent effort. It should not be so. We should be on our guard against such an effect. Our sympathies are due to the poor and the forsaken. Even if they do not have fallen so low as to be unable to appreciate our efforts, still we owe them gratitude. We should pity those because they need pity; we should help them because they need help, and not that we may reap a harvest of praise and of gratitude. We should not expect from them that quick appreciation of motive and that confidence which we might expect from those of higher culture and happier experiences. Consider what favors they have received! How often have they been treated unkindly! How often have they been deceived! What unfavorable influences are they surrounded!

THE CRUSHED FLOWER.

A rare and beautiful flower was blooming in the secret hollow of vanity, and by chilling neglect and despoiled of its beauty. All the members of the fair-minded general ever ran a ruin of their favorite flower. Who did it? was the inquiry.

There are fairer flowers than that ravine cherished and destroyed duty to be gazed on life. There is a maiden on whom the affection of many hearts was lavished. Parents, brothers, sisters, friends gave her the warmest place in their hearts. She received it. Around the wealth of affection thus bestowed upon her she erected a wall to keep out those who loved her.

She is now vain, worldly, fashionable, heartless. Who made her so? Those parents, who, who amused themselves by awakening in her young bosom feelings of vanity, and by cherishing those feelings—who, by an assiduous course of flattery and indulgence, rendered her more vain and more than affection, and to aim at display rather than consistency.

There is a young man who left his home in the country with an honest heart, as the door opening was secured for him in consequence of his good character and gentlemanly bearing. He won the confidence of his employers, and of all who knew him. He was trusted, and his interests were justly prized. How they loved to talk about him, and to commend him to others!

But they have for some time ceased to speak of him as they were wont. Brief and cautious are the replies on inquiring about him now. Alas! he has forsaken the guide of his youth, and forgotten the counsels of his friends. He has lost the confidence of his employers. His wants clamor for more than his income, and he is in debt and strong drink. He is a ruined man.

Who wrought this ruin? The young lady who laughed at his scruples respecting the wine cup, and ridiculed his fears of forming a habit by life to visitate his promise to his parents to abstain from intoxicating drink—the young man who, with much difficulty, induced him to go on an excursion of pleasure on the Sabbath—the professor of religion who advised him to perform an act of dishonesty in order to secure a friend.

Men will be carried to avoid crushing a flower or mutilating a shrub, but they trample over men to avoid obliterating the image of God from the souls of men.

WOMEN IN WAR TIME.

In war, as in peace, the true mission of the sex sing, and women most of the suffering. Long ages ago, when the world was younger, and men in the shade, are painful, but they are alleviated by company and excitement, and are carried cheerfully about with all comforts, they were sent home to their wives. The wife, as she was then meaningly, however it may be regarded, touched to its sensitive heart. Immediately he withdrew both first and away from the battle, and renouncing all further co-operation with his brethren, went home to his family and to his pulses. With his own hand he thus wrote to his wife:

"Cursed Fear Coward—I do not write to you to distress the child with the sight of it, but because my parents tell me it pleases. Whenever I see at the head of a letter, I know that you are well, and that is all I look for. Whenever you see this, I wish to explain you with my dissatisfaction with English affairs. I am ashamed to be a man, and to be in a country where I am ashamed to be a man, and to be in a country where I am ashamed to be a man, and to be in a country where

AT SEA.

BY ALICE CARY.

Brown-faced sailor, tell me true—
One ship I fear is but ill thriving,
Some clouds are black and some are blue,
The women are huddled together below,
Above the captain treads to and fro;
Tell me, for who shall tell but you,
Whither away our ship is driving?

The wind is blowing a storm this way,
The lightning is my flame my witness—
The gurgling dark is the middle of day,
And I cannot see the good grave land,
Nor a ship of rock, nor a belt of sand;
O, land ahoy, speak and say,
How long might a little boat be skirting?

More sacred the bubbles wash,
God's mercy hangs up from foul weather,
And from drought with swelling but below to drink.
I dreamed of a ship with her ribs sewn in,
Last night, and making through the sea of sin;
How long would a strong man swim, dry thing,
If on—over all in th' sea together?

The sailor frowned a bitter frown,
And answered, "ay, there will be foul weather—
All men must die, and some must drown,
And there isn't water enough in the sea
To cleanse a sinner like you or me;
O Lord, the ships I've seen go down,
Crew and captain and all together!"

Thereafter smiled a smile of sheer,
And looked at me a look of wonder,
And said, as he wiped away a tear,
"Forty years I've been off the land
And God has held me safe in his hand:
He stirreth the storm—he is with us here,
And his love for us is an ever-under.

THE TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. CLINTON.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TRIAD CRUSHED.

Fiercely the blood-hounds followed in the track of the fugitive, never losing it, but clinging to it through bush, bush and briar, through field and meadow, through forest and grove—over hill and dale, and wild-rings and turnings.

Fiercely, and relentlessly, the band of pursuers followed after, now watching eagerly for signs of their enemies, now pealing in a fierce chorus of shouts with the deep bay of the blood-hounds.

The pursuit was long and wearisome. It was not on the common road, but in the rear of all by places, and through the most untrodden ways. Step by step was this through the whole distance there was a path, well defined to their experienced eyes, although to superficial observers nothing might have been apparent.

"It is an Indian trail," said one of the band.

"Ay, and do you know what trail it is?" cried Harry.

"No."

"It is the Triad's!"

"The Triad's!" The word was passed from mouth to mouth. None was there but what had heard of the atrocities of this hated band—none who had not longed to take a part in punishing them to their fullest extent, wherever they were.

"The Triad!" said one. "I have made a vow, as soon as I could find any to join me, to pursue them unceasingly until I was the sole world's end!"

"And I, too!" "And I!" cried several others.

"The time has come," said Temple. "We will crush them!—Ho!"

"Rouse them Fools!" cried Ully, in a kind of frenzy. "Remember Fools when you meet them hereafter!"

"Aye, and his poor mother, too," said one of the men.

"Wins has become of her?"

She disappeared at the time of his death, and has not been heard of since."

"Nobody knows—every one wonders."

"Some say she was killed with him."

"No no one's, for I saw her after night myself."

"Some say that she drowned herself in her sorrow."

"That's more likely, but I have understood that she left the country."

All this time they kept on their way. Ully seemed to be incapable of fatigue. The men wondered at the vigor that seemed under his thin attenuated frame. She kept up with the rest of them in their swift pace, and never showed any signs of weariness.

At last the trail entered a narrow gorge in the Highlands. It wound along, with rocky precipices on either side, and the place where they walked showed signs of having been the bed of a brook. Sounds now arose in the distance.

They were human voices.

In silence the avenging band hurried on.

At last they reached the gorge into an open space. With a loud, long, piercing yell, the fierce blood-hounds darted forward, and the whole band sprang, in a kind of frenzy, after them.

It was a regular place and scene. Around them rose rocky walls encircling a space which was covered with rich and thick turf. From the edges of the precipitous trees and shrubbery overhung like a fringe, and only creeping plants grew up against the rocky wall. Upon the opposite side of the enclosure was an opening through which the same brook which ran in the new dried up channel had formerly forced its way, to fall into the Hudson River.

In the place were some Indian camps constructed of bark, and a dark blazed up in the centre of the place. Around it were a number of Indians, decorated with war paint, who lay listlessly upon the grass, unsuspicious of danger; while on a fallen tree on the opposite side a man was seated, with his chin resting on his hand, and his face displaying the well known features of Gondo.

They had come thus far, and were all unconscious of danger, and unsuspicious of pursuit. They were resting from their labors, and dreaming of peace and idleness. They were sunk in that intense listlessness that is a savage life always succeeds intense activity.

At the cry of the blood-hounds they started to their feet with a yell of fear.

In a moment all was in confusion. Gondo sprung forward, and snatching up his arms, his voice rang out in terrible tones, as he rallied his warriors around him. Crouching to the veil of their chief, they fell back and caught up their arms from every side.

But there was not a moment's pause.

The blood-hounds were upon them. The huge brutes threw themselves into the dense mass of Indians and tore them down to the ground by the throat. Before they could load their guns, a volley was poured in upon them from the deadly rifles of Temple's men which told with fearful effect.

There was no chance, here for the wiles of savage war, no rock or tree behind which to hide—all was open and exposed. The foemen were face to face in the open field.

The Indians returned a hurried fire, which did but little injury. But then the fighting came to close quarters. With a loud call, Temple rushed forward, followed closely by all his men. They rushed their clubbed rifles in their air, and dashed them down right and left upon the heads of the enemy.

Temple singled out Gondo at once, and pressed forward to attack him. The other was not slow to respond, but was met by equal haste prepared to receive the assault. They met and exchanged blows, their rifles crashed together, and the stocks snapped at the stroke. With a wild cry Gondo sprung upon Temple.

Harry caught him in his arms about the waist,

A SECRET REVEALED.

while Gondo twined his arms around Harry, and for a moment they paused preparing for the final struggle. At last, with one superhuman effort, Harry put forth his utmost strength. He lifted Gondo from the ground, dashed him downward with fearful violence, and fell upon him.

At the very first, Ully had rushed forward into the different camps. At length, with a loud cry of joy, she saw in one of them the almost unconscious form of Clara.

Bound with cords and gagged, the poor girl lay overcome with fear, and fatigue, not knowing what this new tumult might be, and longing for death to come and make her sufferings. But the sight of Ully brought hope, and

"THE image of her whom I once called wife," said Wells, shuddering.

"Child," said Ully, sitting by Clara and taking her hand, "Helen, but oh, be strong! I have pursued you for to tell you, I can wait no longer. I am your mother—your mother—my darling, my precious child!"

She caught Clara in her arms and covered her with kisses. She pressed her to her breast as a mother presses her babe. Clara sat in astonishment, with her eyes, and a world of happiness on her lips.

Her father uttered a deep groun, and sunk into a chair.

"He loves loved me, Clara," said Ully, pointing to Wells; "I once loved him, and so we were married.

"You were our firstborn. But you came into the world in sorrow and amid trouble. Affairs had grown very dark, and neglected me for others. I was outraged, indignant, frenzied. I stormed and threatened. He retorted my rage—our quarrels became terrible.

"Once we were crossing the river Delaware. I was in the stern, and I watched the phosphorescent gleam of the waters.

"Suddenly I was buried headlong into the river."

"Oh, God!" groaned Wells, in agony.

"He thought I was dead. He believed so till this day.

"But I lived. Providence supported me in the water, and threw a plank in my way on which I floated. I was picked up by a fishing company, and was taken to the coast of Newfoundland. They sailed down the river, called at many places, and landed me in the town of Halifax.

"There I supported myself with my needle. In a few weeks a son was born to me.

"Then I cried Wells: "a son!" He started to his feet.

"Yes."

"Did he grow up?"

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

Ully rose to her feet, and in stern, cold tones said:

"He was a guide and a chief in the Triad; which caused him death."

Wells slowly revived. He was helped to an arm-chair, in which he sank weakly, and lit a faint voice said, "Go on—reveal all."

"I lived for ten years in that accursed," said Ully, "and came here two years before the war. My boy grew into manhood. He was my all. I would not go near my husband, whom I hated, and I was content to have him my slayer, since I had my son.

"At last he was murdered."

Ully paused for a moment, overcome by emotion, she then proceeded:

"I should have died of grief if I had not lived for vengeance. I disguised myself as an Indian woman, and became a Philadelphian. I was filled with longing to see my other child, and I saw her during Christmas week, at the entrance; I was near to her, and found that I could again be a mother.

"Gradually I found out all about the Triad. It went on in my work of vengeance. I found that the father of my boy was guilty of his blood. I found out that Wells was in Canada and their places in various ways. Gondo thought he could use him to make Harry favorable to him, and was often communicative. At last I found out that Wells was the murderer of my son Arnold.

"Then I knew it was time to strike. My son's blood called for vengeance, and then rain could only be assuaged by the agony of Andre.

"It was I who frightened Smith so that he did not dare to row André back. It was I who induced Livingston to fire on the Vulture. I pursued André along the road, but his capture was reserved for other hands.

"Oh! to rob a mother of a son changes her nature, and maddens her. Even so was I—and to be revenged: and now I am revenged.

"Oh, my darling! my child! this madness is

(Continued on page 6.)

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

The victory was decisive. Of all the savages but few were those escaped. Slain, in they were, in that insidious, fight was impossible, and they died hopelessly.

It was the end of the "Triad."

The meeting between Harry and Clara was an affecting one, half joyous and half painful, for she was very sad suffering, and sore from bruises. With much difficulty she told the story of her capture.

"At ten," said she, "last evening, a knock came at his door. Some one was there who wished to speak with me. I went at once. It was Ully, and I only saw the outline of a man. I heard him say:

"'He's coming—he's coming—quick!'

"Who has come?' I asked.

"'Captain Temple. He's down there. Hurrah!'

"I was so filled with joy that I did not stop to think. The idea that you were there was enough. Washington had promised to deliver you, and I thought he had done it. In rapid delight I rushed down, just as I was, to the gateway.

"Immediately I found myself seized. Before I could utter a cry I was gagged, and my arms were tightly pinioned. In this way I was carried off. This was evidently done by Ully, as I did not know where they were carrying me. I could not think. Pale and frightened, I remained all my faculties.

"At last they reached this place, I was thrown rudely down and left here. The Indians gave themselves no further trouble about me, but soon came to me this morning, and made a proposal which he has several times made before, to marry me. With what scorn my spirit is ever. He then said that I should remain engaged with the other human being, and as well as it was possible for a man of his nature to love any one. On this occasion, finding that I kept from him, he came to me.

He was much moved at the sight of Clara. Yet under the influence of his love he was recovering rapidly. Ully had resumed her old kindly regard, and silent on the subject of her recent atrocities.

Old Wells also looked at her with the same expression that he formerly showed, but seemed powerless. He was evidently afraid of her, however.

One day Clara pressed her very much to tell where she had been during her recent journey. She was evidently afraid of her.

"Child," said she at last, "you are strong enough to bear to hear it. I will tell. I will. She left the room. Clara looked astonished, but pressed no further.

In a little while a person entered.

Clara uttered a cry of wonder.

It seemed indeed to be Ully, but Ully transformed.

Her face was no longer brown and dusky, but fair and white; her hair was no longer coarse and gray, but fine and brown. Her form was thin, but erect, and her mental manner was thrown aside.

Old Wells staggered back and clasped his hands together.

"Child," said Ully, no longer drawling her words, but speaking in her own musical voice, whose tones were tremulous with affection, "do you know who I am? Do you know Ully? Say—Ully?"

"Oh! to rob a mother of a son changes her nature, and maddens her. Even so was I—and to be revenged: and now I am revenged.

"Oh, my darling! my child! this madness is past. Will you love your mother, Clara? My son has gone. Oh, replace him to me, and let me love you. I have a child still, though he is gone."

Old Wells murmured some indistinct words, and looked up with a weak, faint glance. He was utterly crushed by Ully's revelation.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ANDRE'S DEATH.

Meanwhile André's doom drew rapidly nigh.

After spending a night at West Point, he was sent on to Tappan. There he remained till the last.

His mournful story elicited the sympathies of all. Among the Americans, as well as the British, all hearts mourned over the impending fate of the noble, the unfortunate André.

Letters came from the British General requesting his release. Every argument that sorrow or ingenuity could suggest was offered on his behalf. Arnold had the audacity to write, threatening that if André were not delivered up, he would inflict reprisals on each of the Americans as fell into his hands.

His ravishing could move the inflexible soul of Washington.

The court martial met. There were six major-generals and eight brigadiers. Their report was, "that Major André, Adjutant General of the British army, ought to be considered a spy from the enemy, and ought to suffer death."

André did not lose his courage.

"I foresee my fate," he said, "and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent to my life, I can reconcile to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, has brought me to this."

His behavior in confinement, his gentle manner and agreeable conversation, endeared him to all. Harry Temple was constantly with him. He went to Tappan as soon as he had secured Clara, and remained with his friend until the end.

To him he spoke about his friends at home, remembrances to his sisters, and his love.

"Keep fish," said he to Harry. "Take it from me after I am dead, and tell her that I died at last; and if you ever see her, shew it to her, and tell her that I died with her name on my lips."

He showed Harry his precious miniature.

He should have loved never visited André, and never saw him. His behavior in this respect has been variously interpreted. But those who knew him rightly believe that it was owing to the consummate art and the sorrow that he felt for the hapless fate of so noble a youth. He did not wish to expose himself to such an ordeal upon his feelings.

André's chief trouble was not death itself, but the mode of it. The sentence was hanging. He wished to be shot, and to this he directed his letters.

It was made known to him that he must die as a spy, and that he could not be shot.

"Since it is my lot to die," said he, "I have a choice in the mode."

Then he sat down and calmly wrote to Washington the following letter:

"Sir—Signed above the sense of death by the sentence of a board of which Major-General Howe presided, and associated with no action that can give me concern, I trust that I may, without a charge of improper solicitude, address your Excellency on the subject of my fate, and entreat you to extend your feelings to every thing that is personally interesting to me. Sympathy is a universal debt, to which your excellency, as a sufferer yourself, is liberal contributor. Should the request I am about to make appear to your excellency and the board inconsistent with my character, I entreat you to impute it to the true motive. It is to soften the public mind, as much as possible, from the idea that I am an object of terror. Thus impressed, I shall experience the operation of those feelings in your breast, which will induce you to adopt the mode of my execution to which alone I look as indicative of a soldier.

"Buoyed by the pride which ever supports the dying soldier, I have seen the moment of my fate approach, without the power of offering even a request that could have the most distant reference to my character or feelings as a man or as a soldier. But the hour is now arrived when I can no longer doubt respecting the mode and the time of my death, and the request which I have to make is that I may be considered as a gentleman, and suffer death by the musket and not the gibbet."

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André recovered his calmness at once, and replied:

"I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode."

As soon as everything was ready, he entered the wagon. For a moment his manhood left him, and, half to himself:

"I will be but a momentary pang;" after which he bandaged his own eyes, and slipped the noose over his head, and adjusted the knot with the utmost composure.

Then, upon being informed that he could say or do nought but what he wished, he took his handkerchief from his eyes, and said:

"I pray you, gentlemen, bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man."

Then the wagon was drawn away, and all was over.

Harry's brain reeled at the sight.

"Alas!" he cried, "there dies the noblest and truest man on earth. Farewell, brave hearted and true! In other worlds we may, perhaps, renew that friendship which began in this!"

CHAPTER XLV.

THE LAST INTERVIEW.

A wretched being was lying upon a rude bed in a squalid house in New York. Dark in skin, with black hair, and eyes that burned like two coals, he lay there—the living personification of impotent rage and futile hate.

It was Gondo.

Mad with impatience, and burning with fever, he tossed wildly about the bed, ever and anon starting up to listen.

At last footsteps sounded on the stairs below. They drew nearer; the door opened; a woman held it; and a visitor, pausing fearfully and inquiringly in, showed the face of Benedict Arnold.

Gondo uttered a cry of joy.

"Ah, Gondo—is that you?"

"It is."

"How did this happen?"

"I am mortally wounded."

"Wounded!"

"Yes," said Gondo; and he gave an account of the mishaps of Clara, and his own.

"After I had received that blow I felt that I was lost.

"But I was so nerved by hatred of this man that I conquered pain. I climbed out of the opening, and down the precipice by a way that was only known to myself, and reached the river's bank.

"I finished a dozen times from pain—I lay there for hours—then I swam. I reached, and here walked, and here ridden—but slowly, for I found it mortal. I am dying. I nursed here."

"Welcome, then," said Arnold. "You have been a faithful friend; I may yet have need of you."

"Never more!" groaned Gondo.

"Never more!"

"My men are crushed; I can gather them no more. Ully, too, she—"

"What lod you on this desperate enterprise?"

"Love for Clara."

"Love!" Yes, don't seem like a person who is very much troubled with that commodity. But what a boundless game you played!"

"My mother was the daughter of a chief, and my father was a white man. He came to our village, married her, and I am his son.

His then went home, and my mother died of grief when she heard that he had a white wife there.

"But the Indians didn't care. So when he came to the town he was received with honor. He took no envy. He would not take me to his home, but chose to educate him, so he sent me to school and college, and kept my existence a secret from his family.

"But I was dishonored. My widow blood and my father's neglect drove both disgraced. As a white man I was looked upon as the son of shame, so I was with the Indians as a half-breed base-born. The feelings of my heart might have been turned to kindness toward the whites; as it was I hated them.

"My Indian nature impelled me toward the camp. My father died—I went to the camp although I was the only white child, and I filled his place.

"Then the passions of my soul could be restrained no longer. I led my braves forth, and our motto became, 'Death to the whites.' Many a white man's head was borne into the camp, and how many have fallen, you know.

"Then came my father's family in secret, to see what they were.

"Ha! my brother!

"Had he been like the other whites I would have spared no one, but he was different. He was contempt. He I looked at him, and I saw that he was a man of honor. I saw that he had his glance, and I qualled, for his eye was like that of my father. I spoke with him, and his words smote like fire to my soul. His spirit was unbroken by his fate. He was a true gentleman—the pride and hope of the armies of America.

Arnold started to his feet, with clasped hands, and a look of agony.

"I had no other God. He was the Being in whom I believed. I would have died at his command. I held up his image before me, and fell down before it. And in my secret soul I swore that I would take his glorious form for my brother."

Arnold myself to him—I became useful to him. With my aid he succeeded in everything. Even I was like a second self. I was his thoughts, and I acted as he would act.

"With my help his work went on bravely, till at last, in a moment of blindness, I was forced away. He was lost! And now both are ruined, and forever overthrown!"

"Forever!"

"What is all this?" cried Arnold, in a lowly voice, turning to Gondo, and looking at him as though he would read his very soul.

"Look at this," said Gondo, handing him a package of letters. "These are the letters which my father wrote to me.

"And this," he added; "for here is a certificate which he gave my mother at her request when they were married."

Arnold looked at the papers. His face turned white; he was a familiar name.

"My father!" he cried.

"Benedict Arnold, your father was mine!"

"My brother!" exclaimed Arnold, grasping the dark hand before him. "Your relation to

me is proved by better things than papers—by your valor, your courage, and your high soul.

A flush of triumph came over Gondo's face.

"I am dying," he said.

"No," cried Arnold; "this will pass. Live, brother; and together we will make our name terrible to Anglesea! With you, again I shall go on to victory; and we will be like one soul in two bodies."

"Never again," murmured Gondo, faintly.

Well might he speak thus! Around his life fire of death was gathering over his eyes, and the hue of death over his cheek. Holding Arnold's hand with a convulsive grasp, he lay gazing on him while sense declined, and the energies of the body slowly ebbed away.

His excitement lasted but an hour. He might have lingered on for several days had it not been for this interview. Now a single effort, and then his strength was gone through.

"It's coming," he murmured, at last: "it's here!—Father—brother!"

And with these words his soul departed.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CONCLUSION.

Uly fed left for Indian camough forever. Gentle, and tender, and loving, she became dearer to them every day. The young girl felt, for the first time the full value of a mother's presence. She rapidly recovered.

But so she recovered, for her father sank. The shock which he had received in New York, when Uly whispered to him the secret of Arnold's birth, and threatened to divulge it if he did not say what she wished, had affected him most severely. And now this second blow had overcome him.

He might have withstood it had it been merely the discovery that she had been a captive.

He might have borne the thought that she had lived for years in poverty and deep humiliation.

But she had given birth to a son, whom he had never seen—a son, an object for whom he had hoped—a son, who would have been the pride and the stay of his old age.

But not that son was dead—fondly murdered by the Triad, and he knew well that the blood of the man was on the hand of each one.

So he sank down to the lowest stage, and then lingered for months, wailing death every moment.

Temple was reinstated at West Point, and was a constant visitor; for Captain Clark now rented the house in which Arnold lived, as he expected that his daughter would receive some benefit from a residence there that way where else.

The succeeding events in the war followed on rapidly. The cause of America continued to be gilded and triumphed. Her armies, however, were led by one who was unsurpassed except by my imminent defeat or victory, and who looked forward to the final conquest, as to that alone.

At last the final hour came, and Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown. Before that time civil Wells had died, and Harry Bolingbroke, who was now exiled, brought Ulva to receive him in her protection when her father was gone.

He did not have to beseech in vain. After a decent interval had elapsed after the death of Wells, their union took place in the parlor of the house that had once been the home of Arnold.

Mrs. Arnold had left a few days after the great tragedy. She went to Philadelphia, to the authorities there, thinking that she had been guilty to her husband's plans, and to her wife.

She was forced to go. All through the land she witnessed the executions which the people poured upon her husband's name.

She joined her husband at New York, and at the close of the war went with him to England. Afterwards she revisited her native place. But her old friends were cold. Whatever had attached itself to her name—there was no peace for her wherever she went. Life had lost all its charms, and she longed for death. There was only one on whom consolation could be found, with whom she sought rest, to whom she often came in dreams, and in whose arms she at last died.

That friend was Clara Temple.

Of Arnold himself little more need be said. Here he turned against his country; here he and British troops to plunder and lay waste with tyranny, how he deepened his crime by new blows against the heart of his country—all this is history. History also records that his punishment followed him; a curse like that of Cain clung to him; he was a marked man, known, pointed out, and scorned by every land to which he was carried, and learning, when too late, how terrible is the revenge the world can accomplish, and the execrations of an indignant world.

It was in London, in the month of June, 1801.

Pale and emaciated, worn out with disease, horrible Arnold sat in his chair, dying.

In a feeble voice he endeavored to attempt to bring out his old consummate uniform, the sense which he had won in so many glorious battles, and deeds of deathless fame.

They took the coat on his shoulders. He looked upon the glorious insignia. Memory carried him back to the past. Again he marched through the northern wild. Again his haughty spirit commanded. Quebec to surrender. Again he rode over the blood-stained battlefield, and urged the legions of Britain against the shattered hosts of Burgoyne.

Then was laid down, and for even then, as his head fondly strained the uniform, life sank away, and his soul departed. The uniform was his winding-sheet.

So died Arnold the Traitor.

The union of two hearts like those of Clara and Harry was of itself a guarantee of happiness. Long parted lovers, on such bright happiness, and Love threw flowers in their path.

Nor could they forget the memory of that noble friend whose friendship had been given to them in the darkest period of life. His last words were remembered as a sacred legacy. The look of their watch had left on them, and they were sent to her heart through life. The manners which he had spoken of to Harry was kept by him until he placed it in the hands of her who held a higher and holier claim on its possession.

They accompanied the dear remains to England; they saw a nation rise to do honor to his name, and do favor of the national Triad, to open to receive them among her greatest and noblest sons.

There he still lies in Westminster Abbey. Peace to his ashes, and honor to his memory.

THE END.

ARABELLA is entrusted to return to her discussion Husband, from whom she got separated in the great crowd at the Exhibition. She is waiting most anxiously at the Tenth Pillar, opposite the Cake Stall, in the Middle Aisle, near the Statue of Despair, on the right-hand side as you enter at the North Gate. To facilitate the recognition, he is wearing a white hat, Coat, dearest Arabella: your devoted Husband will not abandon his post till the very last minute of the usual dinner.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOE WHITING.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

My native town, a pleasant little seaport, nestled upon the shores of one of the numerous indentations of Narragansett Bay, at one period carried on quite an extensive commerce with the West Indian cities, particularly with Havana, Matanzas, Port au Prince, and San Juan de Puerto Rico.

This was years ago, when New York, like the nineteen other cities of the Empire State, had not swallowed up and monopolized nearly all the foreign commerce of New England; and the sunlier and less pretending towns were not yet torn from their once honored moorings to cotton mules, looms, sugar refineries, and other manufacturing enterprises to eke out a feeble existence.

In those cheerful times the island-groomed waters of Narragansett were sprinkled with the white sails of departing and returning argosies, bringing to their owners rich returns, and abundance and prosperity to the community. Every individual in the town was either directly or indirectly engaged in this commerce.

Our expeditions were mainly the products of our own industry—the fruits and vegetables of our fields and gardens, the cattle, and the flocks of merchantmen assumedly denominated "Yankee notions." These were exchanged, on a liberal profit, for the products of sugar, coffee, fruits, &c., of the Islands.

It was at this prosperous period, when all my townsmen were furnishing their quota in this kind of traffic, that, inspired by the example of their former neighbors, a number of young men, blacks and mulattoes, *without a navigator among them*, shipped their little craft, and, purchasing a small vessel, manned from their own number, laid in an "assorted cargo," as always, for Cuba, and cleared for the Island of Santo Domingo.

One of these young men was Whiting, a mulatto barber, who, though an intelligent fellow, regarded his shaving operations as limiting his true financial sphere of the company, had never been to sea, and had only been induced to embark for the port to which his companions had elected to sail. But he'd been wise of the company, and being a good free-the-most hand, it was to be supposed he would look for all necessary advice in the sailing directions of the navigators of their vessel. In short, *old Joe* Whiting was the man for the place.

Well, everything being snugly stowed away, and the two crew springing from the wharf, the Bold Adventurer raised her anchor, spread her sails, and, under the command of the pilot, her anchor, carrying with her the good wishes of every person in the town, and the prayers of their kinds, and predicted that that was the last of her darkened, and that a return voyage for the post

night have been worse. You have the winter before you; weeks are most unbecoming; I had to wear mine through one entire summer.

"You can wear bugles in spring," added the lady.

The supposed widows declared that they detested bugles.

"That woman would corrupt a saint," whispered Rômer, and Ray began to be of the same opinion.

There was a gentle tap at the drawing-room door.

The butler said something about dinner.

"This is no time to dine!" replied his mistress.

No, no," sighed her sisters.

The man was about to retire, when Mrs. General Bland called him back, and said something about a fowl upon a tray.

"And a turkey!" added Annie; "exclusive of—"

"Nothing more," repeated her sister, in a faint voice, "but the sherry."

"Excellent!" whispered Mrs. General Bland, who felt that the plotters had not received half punishment enough.

It was amusing to observe the tact with which she persuaded the disconsolate mourners to eat. A glass of wine also insisted upon their taking, assistedly, of course.

The hostends looked savagely on. They took their smiling sister home.

"Heaven forbid, my sweet Lou," said the aunt, when the two had been reserved, and they were once more by themselves, "that I should weary your love with! Every other grief is not only natural, but commendable. Still, I must observe that Rômer was not the man I should have selected for you."

"He was a great!" exclaimed Annie.

"And jealous!"

"And everything!"

"Suspicious!"

"Exacting!"

It must have been a pleasant thing for the gentlemen to hear his merits thus summed up.

"You will mourn for Rômer," continued Mrs. General Bland, "*very properly, of course*; but time will bring consolation, especially when you recollect his treatment of you."

"I loved him dearly once," replied Lou, with modest dignity, "and nothing but his tyranny could ever have weakened my affection for him. By treating me as a child, by exacting the surrender of every taste and feeling to his capricious humor, he wounded my woman's pride. I saw myself the prey of a man who, with all his wrong my heart, and yet I never reproached him; I only wept in secret."

Mr. Ritmer hung his head.

"I cannot quite tell that I ordered from his temper; his greatest pleasure appeared to be in humbling me. I had only to express a wish to find it thwarted. Men little know the happiness they throw away," she added, "when they treat their wives so slave."

"He should have married me, my love," said the aunt, poignantly.

At this suggestion the half-repentant husband absolutely considered.

"What do you think of your system now?" whispered Ray, in a triumphant tone.

"Wait," muttered his partner; "wait."

"You were more fortunate in your choice," observed his widow—the real widow, we mean.

Ray was exceedingly kind."

"The best creature in the world."

"So amiable!"

"Yes."

"Never contradicted you?"

"Never."

"It must have been delightful!"

"Yes—but—a *little* insipid at times."

Mr. Ray had been in ecstasies till he heard the word insipid. A thunderbolt could not have annihilated him, morally speaking, more completely.

"Insipid!" he murmured to himself.

The old bachelor repeated the word with a most disagreeable chuckle.

It is not to be supposed that wives who had such just cause to feel offended would permit the malice of the enlisted foes to escape with impunity. They would have been scarcely human if they did. Sympathizing with such an ally as Mrs. General Bland to assist them. The sun first spoke on Brighton as the storm.

"In the midst of our sorrow," she observed, and there was a merry twinkle in her eye as she sleepy, black eyes as she pronounced the word, "we must not forget worldly guidance. Your husband's wills. No doubt they have made them."

"Hey I know has," replied Annie; "*your* for ture!"

"*Insipid!*" repeated the gentleman from his place of co-eminent.

"And flat!"

"I really can't tell," answered Lou, drawing a deep sigh. "He never confided anything to me, although I was his wife."

"Oh, then I trust them no!" ejaculated the aunt; "fortunately, your poor dear uncle's legacy will make you both independent, and I have been wicked enough to tie you up."

"Tie me up!" repeated the widow, not exactly comprehending the term.

"You must understand it all in time," continued her relative; "all I trust is, that he has not made land. Mr. Charlton *assures*—we decided making, meddlesome, prying old bachelor! He might have been a lawful, lovely, forgiving mummy, or something of that kind, for I am certain he has no more brain than one."

"I don't think," observed Annie, who perfectly understood her cue, "that he would be very hard upon Lou."

"I do."

"And I but you don't know all, aunt; Charlton was in love with her before Rômer married her; and he has only twelve thousand pounds and a bond to liberate her, you jealousy."

We should send inform our readers that the accession against the old bachelor was quite as insignificant as the denis of the two hostends.

Mr. Ritmer regarded his senior partner with a most frenzied expression.

"He was very kind to her in private."

"Oh, no, Annie!"

"You know he was," continued her unbridled loving sister; "I would stake my life that he proposes for you in less than six months."

"Never, love!" ejaculated Lou, who began to feel exceedingly mystified; "why, the man——"

"Make no rash vows," interrupted Mrs. General Bland, feeling that she had the luck in her head, determined to use it without pity. "there is no knowing what your husband's weakness may have put in his power."

The groans that broke from Charlton were distinctly audible in the drawing-room, and the ladies with difficulty repressed their laughter.

"It is not yet ten years since I died," observed Mrs. Ritmer. "I shall not think of marriage—"

"Of course not," said her aunt, "*for a year at least*. It would be highly improper."

A look of horror was bound in the library.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the speaker, coolly, "what can be the matter?"

She might well ask the question; for the head of the firm of Charlton and Company was struggling in the grasp of his junior partner.

"Hypocrite! monster! false friend!" roared the little man, half and with excitement. "I'll have satisfaction, sir! satisfaction, sir!"

"Will you let me speak?"

"You shall never speak again, sir."

"You are strangling me!"

"I intend to strangle you, sir."

"Now is the moment, my love," whispered Mrs. General Bland. "Remember, cold, freezing dignity; and, above all, firmness."

The merry-hearted Annie tried to avoid laughing. Her resistor, on the contrary, not only looked but very much frightened.

The door of communication between the two apartments was burst open, and the old bachelor, who had escaped, at last, from the grasp of Rômer, appeared on the scene, accompanied, followed by both his partners. Their wives, who had nested themselves together, with the view of the mutual wing of their aunt, never manifested the slightest surprise. They were in a much more completely turned, or the mystifiers more mystified.

"Mrs. Ritmer," said Charlton, trying to recover his dignity, "I appeal to you."

"How dare you address my wife?" interrupted the jealous husband.

"Mrs. Ritmer, your husband has very nearly cost me my life," exclaimed the old bachelor; "that madman has half strangled me. I can understand it, although your husbands cannot. By some means you have become acquainted with our scheme."

"Exactly so."

"And made us look——"

"Supremely ridiculous," replied Mrs. General Bland, with impressive dignity. "Not that we should have been so without you."

"Not in the least," answered both the sisters.

"For my part," said Annie, "I never have never been amused."

"Nor I," added Lou.

Mr. Ritmer felt that it was the moment to assert his dignity or abandon it forever. Besides of his being an object of amusement to his wife was not to be borne. His proposition was already vanished, and *the fair feel foe* began to recede in his mind.

"Lou," he exclaimed, fixing her with a look that used to make her tremble, "I have been a fool and you a child; but you will forgive me your departure instantly!"

"I have no wish to detain you," answered his wife, coolly.

"Nor can you go, Rhiner, whenever you please," observed Annie; "and take Ray with you. Since you have made us ridiculous, we are resolved to enjoy our recovered liberty."

Her husband looked from one picture of penitence and conjugal humility, regarded her imploringly.

"Don't stare at me in that ridiculous way!" replied his wife.

"I was led into it."

"No excuse, sir!"

"Against my will, Annie."

"Weakness!"

"Have not I been punished enough?"

"Not half enough, sir."

"Hong I—I—I did not I hear you call me foolish?"

The bright eyes of Annie absolutely danced with mirth as her mustest laughter echoed through the library. Rômer felt that his power ended it no longer, but ruined to his own room, savagely resolved to pack up and start for London.

"I am waiting for you, madam," said Mr. Rhiner, "to return home. Home—did you hear me, madam?"

Mrs. General Bland raised her glass, and regarded him for certain moments with contempt. He appeared amusing, rather than terrible, to her in his rage.

"My home for the present," answered his wife, "is with my sister. I remain with you."

"Then you never enter my house again!"

"I am old enough to have one of my own," said his wife; "and rely upon it, I shall never set to return to yours. For the present we will make here, under the protection of my nearest relative, till our final separation can be legally arranged. Leave the room, sir!" she added, pointing. Mr. Charlton, although he merits but little consideration at my hands,

"He never, either before or since my marriage, expressed any admiration for me, which, in a gentlemen of his age, would have been simply ridiculous."

Although the old bachelor did not admire the word "ridiculous," he wisely regarded it as her generous vindication of his conduct.

It was more than he deserved.

The calm, resolute tone in which Mrs. Rhiner announced her determination, did not escape her husband's violence then tears or reproaches could have done. He saw that to remain longer it would be useless to exert his authority, so he wisely followed the example of his partner, and took a retreat.

An hour later, the three members of the firm of Charlton and Company were assembled again in the same post-chaise.

"Our results will agree with us—the ride must have been a pleasant one.

"Ha! ha! ha!" was the echoes of exciting her husband's jealousy of Harold, by pointing out the delicacy of her attentions to Charlton, brought both aunt and sister to her views, although the mischief-loving Annie regretted it. Her last words to our hero, when he started for town on the following morning, were—

"Tell Ray not to make a fool of himself!"

There was no danger for that; her resentment would prove very lasting.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Fighting on Shrove Tuesday, and the fair sex.
Like a cock-and-bull story. Mercury sits.
Our friend Harold. Our friend Charlton.
Our friend Rômer. In close league.

MOORE.

Harold Mansell knew the impatience of his friend Tom to obtain employment of some kind, and so for the present he resolved to be content with Charlton and Company were at an end, he resolved to be content with Charlton and Co. Zechariah Ivory might achieve. It was true the employment had been of a disagreeable kind; his great wealth and extensive connections in the City rendered it easy to push the fortunes of any one in whom he might feel interested. It was not without considerable care and anxiety up his mind to ask a favor of him. He remembered the old man's suspicious nature and biting sarcasm; but it was for his friend, and that decided him.

"Glad to see you," he exclaimed; "yes, I really am glad to see you, for you do not call like the rest of the world, and now you can wheedle out of me."

Then Harold proceeded to the temples.

"Umph," added the speaker, eyeing him sharply, "perhaps I am deceived. You can come to ask a favor?"

"I am, sir."

The old man laughed scornfully, and muttered to himself, "That I should have been so gulled!—all alike—all alike."

"Well, what is it?" he added.

"Perhaps I have chosen an unfavorable moment," observed our hero.

"I can say no or yes, now, as well as at any other time. But I need not ask the question; money, I suppose, money?"

"Sir!"

"I recollect, I did make you some sort of promise—like words, empty sounds—about being glad to see you."

"Were they empty, Mr. Ivory?"

"Is it?" inquired the hard man; "is it?"

"I am sorry for it; for I relied on them."

"And came to borrow on the strength of them? Well, how much do you require?"

His visitor started to his feet.

"How much?" repeated the speaker.

"And do you really imagine, Mr. Ivory," answered Harold Mansell, "that a showing of position you entertain of your fellow-creatures, I would condescend to accept even a shilling of you? Not if I were starving. I have too proud a spirit—too much self-respect to be guilty of meanness that fever for myself. I can understand this slighting of your opinion of me, which you will provoke it; but I am one of those who seem colder more than once than wise I say, and scorn to profess a kindness where I feel none. Good morning, sir."

"Stay, boy, stay."

"Good morning," repeated our hero.

"You must not leave me thus," said the old man, placing his hand upon his arm; "bear with me. I am a hasty, passionate man."

"My father, sir!"

"Yes, he knew my sorrows, knew me before they made me unjust; my heart was not always of clay, but warm and trusting as your own. Bear with me," he repeated, "but for a few moments. Then, perhaps, the cloud has passed, and I can really to listen to you."

"I am sorry to have given pain," replied Harold; "the words would choke me. Besides, your suspicions might be correct."

"Try me. It is not money, you say?"

"Not money, sir," answered the latter features of the young man sufficiently answered his question.

"I am glad of that," resumed Zechariah; "I have enough of money, and of misery, and of sin—very glad it is not Gold you want; you do not look like a villain, and you are not one."

"Why not that depend upon the use made of it?"

"Not always," was the reply.

"There was a pause; Mr. Ivory regarded his visitor with evident pain.

"Neither is the favor you came to ask for connected with villainy?"

"Speak freely to me, Harold Mansell. If in my power to serve you, I will do so with all my will to serve—look upon its greatest. Strange, that Harold Mansell should be in distress! I cannot myself more willing to assist your friend than myself."

"In assisting my friend, you assist myself," added his visitor.

Mr. Ivory smiled grimly; there was something in the sentiment he cherished in the fellow.

With a tact few would have given him credit for, he chose from his two friends the name of Tom and Clara; the outrage offered to the latter by Rômer, and the noble conduct of Charlton, he held to the marriage.

The old gentleman knew the features of the ex-dragoon officer and as he listened to him; the hard lines on his countenance seemed to disappear through the latter, and assumed something very like human kindness in his usually cold, grey eyes.

"And it was for your friend you sought me?" he inquired, at last.

"For him—yes."

"How can I serve him?"

"As a soldier," answered Harold, "his is destemmed to marry her, and equally determined he will not obtain unless I assist. The regards of his mother has strong his warm, proud heart. It is for her sake I would ask him a commission—a debt for his industry and energy—but I will not."

"He shall have one," exclaimed the old man, with a smile, "if he will accept it from me."

"He will, I am sure," answered Harold, "and I thank you for your kindness."

"Tom Tom!" said the old man, evasively.

"It is indeed a sad tale. Would that you had been more impetuous in your kindness! For, perhaps, sir, there were circumstances——"

"Circumstances!" interrupted the unhappy man. "Aye, she would have lied, we doubtless. Harold, I will not be unjust. Having said here as I did, think you I could easily be deceived? Had she not been what I knew her to be, I should have laughed his words to scorn. But I will not trust—the circumstance pressing in her own letters."

"Of that I cannot judge; but no, forgive me—I dare not ask it."

"Would you like it?"

"To ask the date of those letters, sir," replied the young man.

Mr. Ivory rose from his seat, and walking to the cabinet from which he had taken the key of the letters can opened a secret drawer, and drew forth a packet tied with a faded black ribbon.

"Ascertain it yourself," he said, throwing them upon the table. "I would bind you to secrecy, to read them again. I read them only once, and never shall look upon them again. Memory."

Our hero unfolded the letters, and ascertained, but without perusing them—delicacy forbade it—the date of the earliest and latest epistles.

"Are you satisfied?" demanded Zac, when he saw him replace them in a packet again.

"No, sir."

"Yet?"

"*They are sealed!*"

"Of matters little," observed the old man; "the contents are sufficient. Credulity itself would not long resist them. Harold, you will not forget your friend. Come to me in three days; by that time I shall doubtless have a plan for your friend. My influence is still something in the City; the richest upon Change would not care to dislodge me.

"Leave me now," he added. "I shall be better alone. Ah, boy, in the world, Harold Mansell, it should ever be your lot to encounter a man as unfortunate and wretched as I have been made, play him, for rest assured the cup of his misery will be full."

Our hero shook the hand extended to him, and quitted the house without uttering a word.

"I am glad," said Mr. Ivory, looking after him, "he advised no fever for himself. I like his spirit, to use his influence for another—the counsels of his boyhood, his friends. You, then, are quite a different affair."

"Your pain you heal!" exclaimed Tom Mayfield, as our hero entered the gloomy sitting-room of the lamplighter's house. "I trust you have exposed yourself to a rebuff for me. The old skinflint, I perceive, has refused you."

"Not at all; he has promised to use his influence—promised it freely. In three days we may look for a most favorable improvement."

"Anything with Sir Jasper?"

"No."

"Does he object to my staying here?"

"Not by any means," replied Harold, rousing himself from the train of reflection into which the singular confidence he had just received had plunged him. "Nothing of the kind, my dear fellow; I am an completely master of my actions here, as if the freehold of the street were all my own. And now, Tom, you must ask me no any further questions on the subject; for I cannot answer you. I have been listening to a very sad tale, and one in confidence. It has made me feel quite melancholy."

"Come with me to Princess street," said the young farmer; "we shall, each of us, find a pair of bright eyes there to chase away sorrowful thoughts."

The recipe, we have every reason to believe, proved efficacious; at least, we never knew it to fail. We can our experience, of course, is very limited.

If any of our readers doubt the recipe, test our experience—his may be.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE LOST TWIN.

BY AUGUSTA BERESFORD.

My parents, though poor, possessed jewels for which millionaires might have sued—the love and tenderness of Golconda's mines.

These were given to beautiful boys, twins, and a homely little girl, with a loving and honest heart, like their own.

My brothers were the delight of my life. Before I was two I was happy as when I could dress them up in clean gingham frocks and sun-bonnets, and take them out with me to walk under the hedges, and down the grove through which so many fine ladies and gentlemen strayed every afternoon.

Charlie and Lewis were the names of the twins—they looked almost exactly alike, and were always dressed alike, simply, cheaply; but yet with an air of taste. When they were two and a half years old mother said they might begin to go to school with me. She could not bear to have me out of school so much as I had been, and as she was very much pressed for help her work she could not herself attend all day to the twins, so it was best for them to go with their sister.

The night was made with the school teacher that Charlie and Lu were to "go out" twice a week, and that was almost everything.

The plan worked very well for a while—only Lu was made sad and sick with her clothes, playing out-doors alone; but one day when Charlie, Lewis, and sister Lu were at play with his soft coals all in a tangle, came into the school-room, Lewis, who was usually close at his brother's side, was not with him.

"Where is Lewis?" I whispered, as Charlie took his seat beside me.

"He went with the man," whispered the child, and I saw a man at the door beckoning to another, bewildered.

"Man! what man?" I said, looking and looking in my terror where I was.

"The man with the teacher, sternly.

"Please, sir," cried I, jumping to my feet, "Charlie's gone Lewis has gone off with a man. Can't I go and see after him?"

"Sit down," said the teacher, and I darted from the room, dragging Charlie with me.

"Where is my child as go?" I asked, not a sign of man or boy was to be seen.

"Lewis has gone," said Charlie, quaking towards the path that led to the woods.

"No you don't," said I, catching towards me with a firm grip, "you shall not go with me."

"Let me go!" said the child

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

NOTHING TO DO

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Miss Mellora McMorrow was lonesy and blue,
Not 'cause'd no wonder and languid and pale,
Or distended her stomach of what was its due,
And claimed her measure of exercise too.
She dipped in the picket her fingers to mess,
And wiped their ripeness with a delicate air,
As would her white hands not her lungs incurred by,
Too inert to converse, and too vain for a nay:
For still 'twas her aim about nothing to do
To exercise all boredom she'd nothing to do.

Miss Julia De Bourgeois was ugly and bright,
Her step like the queen of the fairies was light;
Such a foot for the dance of her hands nearly equal,
And she took for her suffring to call on her friends.
All matters and things she studied their style,
Though they might be heavy, she'd nothing to do.
But a plenty of small talk served her to fling,
So, she babbled away like a tweakit in spring.
Mingling up a thin tone, as she went from the door
Also! for such trophies, when Time is no more.

Miss Celestia Fitz Mackerel would dance all day,
Or, seated at piano, would thrum and would play,
Also scarcely her studies with an accurate eye,
But let her poor mother's own fortunes pass by.
Who, worn half to death with her fruitless care,
Found nothing like help from her daughter and heir.
The gaining of dresses, she told me of her
Of each vesper partners were disgusting,' to her;
And then to her sweetheart's she was very fond,
The mother might fail, but she'd nothing to do.

So young men, my maxim, who dream with delight
Of a home of pure ease, when to others unite
Where ere rows of Eden, from toiling exempt,
And to love, whose no contributed aught can accept
Where the wheels of good order like clock-work shall go
And ladies will instead being an ornament show.
Where problems with articles of endowment shall glow
And would hand in hand will pursue every day
Till into sound a trumpet and bid ye browse
Of gentlemen beneath, though the mother were fair
Avoid, like the Upas, with poisonous flow.
These exquisite ladies, who've nothing to do.

Hartford, Conn., August 1, 1861.

A BRAVE GIRL'S STRATAGEM.

BY EMMERON BENNET.

Terrible were some of the scenes enacted during the sanguinary contest of our Revolution. History tells us of the great battles, great events, but touches upon those briefly, leaving the details, all that make up the real life of the actors, almost wholly unrecorded. And yet it is only by the details of personal adventures—the trials, sufferings, sacrifices, perils, and heroic exploits of individuals—that men and women—that we can from anything like a correct idea of those troublous times, which alone can expel all the noblest emotions and basest passions of the human heart.

After the British army became established in the South, the States of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina were literally overrun with organized bands of foragers, marauders and plunderers, composed in many instances of the dregsrobbers of the vilest description. Tories and British soldiers united in preying upon the weak and defenceless, and crimes of every conceivable stain their deadliest hues. Property were seized and plundered, and frequently homes were burned; cattle were killed or driven away, old and young were tortured to make them reveal secret hidden treasures; women were kidnapped and treated in the most outrageous manner; some were captured, or served against their masters, and all classes were shamefully abused, and even murdered with impunity. As opposed to these merciless marauders were a few badly clothed, ilfed militia, and roving bands of whigs, who fell upon them wherever they could and often inflicted the most severe retribution, so that the whole country literally became a field of ravage, plunder, skirmish, battle and desolation.

About fifty miles north of Charleston, in the State of South Carolina, on a branch of the Santee, lived a family by the name of Crofts. Isaac Crofts, the settler, with his two sons, John and James, left yet in their teens, had joined the brigade of Marion in defence of their country, leaving the plantation in charge of Mrs. Crofts, her two daughters and a few negroes of both sexes. Two months had passed away without any tangible account to the home circle, when one dark, cloudy evening, as the matron and her two daughters were seated in supper, they thought they were startled by the heavy tramping of a body of men, which shortly drew up in front of the dwelling. The next moment there was heard the heavy knocks upon the door, as if struck with a sword or musket, and a hoarse voice was heard to call out:

"Open, you —— rebels, in the king's name, or we'll storm our way in."

"My God! we are lost! we are lost!" exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands with all a mother's anguish, as she thought what might be the fate of her beautiful daughters, of sickness and fourteen—the eldest of fifteen—the latter, and the younger a three-year blossom.

"Oh, what will we do? what shall we do?" she pursued, looking wildly from one pale face to the other of the two girls who sat by her side with her.

"Let them in at once, since they will break in if we delay!" said Mary, the elder of the two, who had calmness, firmness and courage which bespoke her no ordinary girl. "Open the door, Harriet, and do not let them storm anything, surely the wanton is not so cold!" she continued, addressing a stout negro who stood trembling by the fireplace, with a wooden club waiting to him, the eyes and faces of the whole three expressing the most deep and painful terror.

As the negro paid no heed to the command of his young mistress, the girl started up and ran to the door herself, remarking that the key was on the point of being forced open by the angry men outside.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen" said Mary, as she hastily drew back the bolts and threw open the door open, revealing her graceful and symmetrical figure to the full view of some twenty dissipated, out-throat-looking fellows, in the uniform dress of British soldiers. "I have kept you waiting; it was not intentional; it was all the fault of my stupid servant. Walk in, gentlemen; we have just been done supper, but will have another prepared for you in short order. Walk in, gentlemen. Oh, you—your horses—I see—you dissolution want to have them attended to first! Hector, you dolt, come here quick, and show these gentlemen the way to the stables! Or—I beg your pardon again—I see you all answer me at once, and let my servants attend to the beasts?"

The men said hurriedly—for they were in least excited and alarmed, and anxious to carry favor with so fascinating a young lady—that, quickly, the most matter-of-fact tone, as if the speaker regarded the occasion as a very ordinary one, and was merely desirous of appearing polite and hospitable to welcome guests. The officer in command, who had commanded the rebels to open the door, and who intended to knock down the first person he should see, was so taken by surprise by the cool assurance of Mary Crofts, that he never moved or said a word till she had ceased speaking. Then rubbing his eyes, he ripped out a tremendous oath, and exclaimed:

"What's all this, wench? what's all this?"

"You forgot, sir," returned Mary with dignity, "that I am a lady, and young—a gentleman and a British officer, and that we are three to the right sides. You certainly would not like me to report my rudeness of yours to Lord Rawdon?"

"Lord Rawdon—lord be!" laughed the sergeant—for such was his rank—as he rudely threw his arm around the waist of the girl and pressed his foul lips to her blood-blighting cheek. "This gammon won't go down, my pretty one —eh, my? Isn't this a dwelling of Issac Crofts, the —— old rebel hound, who, with his two cursed pups, has been giving us trouble, eh? Is you? You're a deep one, and so am I—both wits

smoke, dip you and so don't try to whoodle me—do, and Come, you can't play on appetite in this way, d'ye see?"

Contrary to the expectation of the sergeant, Mary, instead of accepting, or offending, or offering any resistance, quietly drew the officer aside, and whispered:

"If you will not appear so rude and bold before your men, I will presently arrange matters so that you shall have as many kisses as you can take. Of course you will remain with us all night, and we will treat you to the best of everything we have. Now no one knows better than myself what a brownskin loves good eating, good drinking, and—"

"Pretty women!" added the enraptured sergeant, as the fair speaker hesitated and lightly tapped him under the chin.

"Yes, pretty women, gratefully, putting her soft hand over his mouth; "we understand one another, I see, my dear sir. Now, gentlemen (Heed help them!) are in arms against the Crown; but it does not follow that myself and sister are rebels too, especially when we have such good-looking English officers about. I see you understand. Mary, I have a beautiful sister who, who is a good deal frightened for fear of rudeness, and who will not, with him, be convinced her that she has nothing to fear, will set matters right. Harriet we will have a pleasant evening. Now I will tell you what I want you to do. Do not let your men enter the house, but let them select one or two of your friends for compulsion, and then you will have a pleasant time. And with good quarters for soldiers, plenty of hay and grain for the horses, and a full meal such as that they have a good supper and as much liquor as you can drink. And know that there is a sum of gold in the house, which I know you will be glad to secure, and as I may as well make a virtue of necessity and tell you that you can have it, and more if you can drink proper. In the morning, of course, you will take whatever you need; but I think our family and friends will be glad to see you on the destruction of any property you may not choose to carry away. I believe I am speaking to an English officer, and English officers have no reputation of being gentlemen."

"By ——" exclaimed the surprised and flattered sergeant, making use of one of the strongest being I ever met. But see here, you're a deep one, and I like you for it.

Mary gave a light laugh, as she rejoined:

"What! do you not like deep and harmless women? I acknowledge I am thus free from the imputation of shallowness, and am frequently served, why object to the most quiet manner of obtaining what I desire?"

"I don't, girl—I'll be satisfied if you'll do all you say; but, by the Lord, I'll have a deep reckoning, this I'm not the man to be tricked with, and if I discover you are playing me false, by the —— your hearts blood if I die the next minute myself!"

Then turning to his men—who, crowding close up to the door, were listening with open ears and curious eyes the long dalliance of their leader with a pile of pretty women—he ordered them to plunder the dwelling as he had promised—to ordered a sentry to be posted at the outer door of the house, and clanged once during the night, and then to make themselves merry at the stables, see their horses well cared for, and then make such disposition of themselves as would entitle them to sit promptly on the slightest alarm, during their night's debauch—a debauch whose amount of good liquor should be sent to them.

"I'm not going to trust you in the house," he concluded, "because there's nobody but females here, and I suppose you know how you want to be distanced; and I've the promise, that in the morning we shall have all we want of everything to make us comfortable. But remember you find out there's some trick being played on us, and shall suffer as soon as we can get at you."

There was some demurring at this unexpected order on the part of some; but the sergeant was determined fellow, and soon settled matters his own way.

Meantime, Mary Crofts hurried back to her sister and mother, and in a few words briefly explained her ruse.

"Be cool and confident, Lucy, and bear insults as the stoic does pain!" she said to her sister; "for Bruce Sumter, as well as I, have got to do —question nothing I do. Hector, light the horn lanterns this moment, and go with me immediately to the stables. And you, girls, (addressing the blacks,) if you are worth your salt, you'll, for one day, make haste and prepare supper for thirty men."

When the sergeant came in, he looked a little astounded, for many reasons, to see his fellow, and he soon made himself quite at home. Nothing of special moment occurred during the night, except that the whole of the party had been served with a supper that would have gladdened the heart of an epicure. Some of them then went out to his men, gave them a reasonable amount of spirits, cautioned them to be on their guard against surprise, saw that the sentries were properly placed, and then all came in into the house.

"Now, my beauty," he said, "I pose you're ready to give me all the kisses you promised?"

"Oh yes you shall have them, sir, with the same thing," laughed Mary. "One minute!" she added, pointing to her mother and sister, who, with the two black girls, now left the room, bidding the officer good-night. "Now!" continued Mary, "just be a little patient, till I give you a taste of some very choice wine, of which beverage I know you are a judge. Here it is" she continued, producing a bottle which had the damp and dirty appearance of having recently been taken from the earth. "Try it, my friend!" and she handed him a corkscrew.

He drew the cork, filled a glass, and said, with a significant look, which clearly proclaimed his suspicion:

"After you, my love?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" rang out the clear laugh of Mary; "you should have seen your shadow on the wall when you said that. Take you glass to her lips, and added: "Look there! if you could but see it!"

The sergeant turned his head for a moment, and when he looked back, Mary was taking the empty glass from her mouth, which not a drop of the liquor had entered, the bosom of her dress having received the whole of it. The sergeant then filled again, and Mary, however, and he forthwith began to drink freely, the girl remaining with a significant look, which clearly proclaimed his suspicion:

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As Our Questions columns must first be actually received by us before they can be published, and as we do not wish to be under the necessity of publishing letters of a private character in consequence of the neglect of attending the answers to them. They are all answered, when sufficient information is given, and answered in the issue of next week.]

EXTRA.—Your statement is incorrect. France for several Exchanges, and, indeed, every other nation, in the size of her public libraries, and in the aggregate number of volumes contained in them. She has in all more than 300 public libraries containing an aggregate of about 3,000,000 volumes. England has only about 200 public libraries, containing about 2,500,000 volumes, or only about one-third more than Boston. In this country there are about 250 public libraries containing about 7,000,000 volumes. Although the New York Mercantile Library is the largest Exchange in the United States exclusively devoted to the purposes of trade, Boston has a smaller, and nominally a less number of books in such, the aggregate number of volumes falls below the number contained in either of these countries.

TENANT.—The Supreme Court has decided that a tenant who fails to satisfactorily repair a house, is not in duty bound to quit on the expiration of his lease. He can think not—both for your sake and the lady's. A landlord who would permit such a course would be to the first to resent it with brutality if any one were to remark upon the reasonable hole in your coat.

H. S. L.—You ought probably to have no thing to satisfy or reply to any communications who has thrown very little interest of you, because you call a matter little friend. A jealous man is rarely a man of reasonable being; and a reasonable man is rarely jealous.

LOVE.—Your letter, doubtless, arises from the fact that you fear the man remarks to its present, viz. that you are not to be in love with him. You have no right to urge objections in the absence of such a fact, and the reading, were not such obsessions as are now dominant in the world. Why, the number of cases of insanity among the mountains of Lebanon several centuries ago from jealousy alone is well known to students of history. Their chief was called "Old Man of the Mountains," and his secret society numbered over one hundred. Many of whom he governed, that they deemed it meritorious to perform any act, however abhorrent to reason or humanity might be, which was commanded by him. Whenever he wished to get rid of a foe, he would "Assassin" him, and it is said to have been injured or insulted by any one, every person of position, discipline, and influence, and every person of position, discipline, and influence, and treachery was resorted to by them to accomplish their ends. Assassination was a favorite method employed by this tribe were the Marquis of Montferrat, Leopold of Austria, and the King of Tartary. It was the murder of the Khan which led to their extirpation by Hulagu Khan, in 1256.

CARRIE.—The verse of poetry to which you refer was written on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue of Queen Elizabeth from Greenwich, where she died, to London. The Thames, during the reign of the magnificent processions of barges followed the remains of Queen Bess. The poetry is as follows:

The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall—
Row, brothers, row!
Rowing along with the flowing tide,
Flags out their eyes of pearl, and streets shall shew
Their gallant pride, and the bells shall ring
From every steeple, for Elizabeth is coming.
For heretofore, the mark my eyes have missed
Of all the royal barges, was the Queen's.

GRATEFUL.—The diseases in the regiment referred to in your letter, were probably the result of the change of climate, and exposure. It is altogether best for every regiment to join some within before leaving the country in which it is raised. In this way the men are likely to be weeded out before they are transferred to a scene where the consequences of one man being debauched may ruin the whole body.

THE Old Colonist is so called from Alabastus, the name of a small town in upper Egypt, near which the Nile overflows its banks. There are two kinds of alabaster, one a white semi-transparent sulphate of lime, and the other a compact carbonate of lime, or marble. The former is the real alabaster, and is so soft that it may be scratched with the nail, while the latter is quite hard and effervesces in acid.

ANTIQUITY.—Sesostris was not a myth; he was the son of Amenis, brother of Menthusis, and King of Memphis. He was a great warrior, and is said to have conquered Ethiopia, Assyria and Scythia, all celebrated in Greek tragedy. He was General-in-chief of the Persian monarchy, and, after his death, his monument was erected and was murdered by his wife and her paramour, Aegisthus.

The only reason it is not proper for you to be seen or respond with a young man, about whom you have expressed a liking, is because it is unbecoming, and it would be unprincipled enough to use even an innocent letter to his disadvantage, and to have been accused of it by herself in the power of a stranger.

W. W. F.—Sesostris was the father of Greek tragedy, and was born at Elenida in Attica, B. C. 525. Sometimes called Aeschylus, he was born accepted by critics, but only seven are now extant. He fought at Marathon, Salamis and Platea, and died at Gela, B. C. 456.

HARRY.—The fact that you, a young man of eighteen, have addressed a young marriage with a young lady, when the whole family expose your marrying at all, is sufficient to show that you are not a gentleman, and that you are not fit to be seen by her as you would be by her.

ALBERT.—When a gentleman is walking with a lady, he should walk on the right, or on the right side of her. We should advise him, if he can, to walk on the right side of an unmarried lady.

INTERMEDIATE.—The old story. Parents won't and the daughter will. What shall you do? Wait till the parents come round, unless you wish to involve one whom you profess to love in the misery of a runaway marriage.

L. S. C.—Rev. E. H. Chapin is a native of Washington county, New York. He was born in 1814, and was educated for the law. He was first settled as a pastor in Richmond, Virginia, and came to New York in 1846.

MAGGIE.—We cannot give a positive answer to your first question, but we believe that a French regiment of foot consists now of two battalions of 900 men each.

E. M. T.—If you wish to accept a lady you do not know, your proper way is to get an introduction to her.

APPRENTICE.—You will find your question answered in the following statement. The ancestor of the Quincy family of Massachusetts was Edmund Quincy, who emigrated from England, with the Rev. John Cotton, in 1633. He was a man of property, bought lands at Braintree, and died there in 1636, aged 63 years. His second son, who inherited his father's estate, served the colony in offices of trust, and left a son, named Edmund, who also was a distinguished man. This third Edmund was the father of Edmund Quincy the fourth, who lived somewhere in the vicinity of Quincy, Mass., the residence of Edmund was the elder branch of the family. John Quincy Adams, the sixth in descent from the emigrant ancestor Hon. William Smith; and one of the children of this marriage was Miss Abigail Adams, who married John Quincy Adams, who, in course of time, inherited part of his father's property. Now, with regard to Josiah Quincy. There have been two celebrated persons of that name in the family, one the present president of Harvard College, and still living, at a very good age, and Josiah Quincy, the subject of this sketch, who died at the early age of thirty-two. The present venerable Josiah Quincy is the son of Josiah Quincy, Jun., the eldest grandson